

From my mother, Anna Riehl, to Nettie Thompson, the mother of my father, announcing their engagement.

4949 Indiana Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

February 27, 1908

Dear Friend,

You may be surprised to receive this letter from me, but I trust not. I have longed to write to you for months already, but was afraid my doing so would be misunderstood. Now, however, I have full authority and a definite communication to make.

I have just had a letter from Arthur, asking me to join him in his work in Korea as his wife. In one way, his revelation of his love for me was a surprise, as our friendship was of such long standing and he has never dropped a word that might indicate that he cared especially for me. But now, in the fullness of time he has laid it all before me with his characteristic manliness, all plans carefully and lovingly made. I wrote to my own folks the same night I got the letter and after much prayer I answered his letter, saying "yes."

Now I know you will realize how I feel better than my own mother does. I don't know what she will say, only I do pray she will at least not oppose it. But she thot so well of him when he visited at our home last summer that I am hoping she will feel that she can trust me to him tho so far away. She does not know as we do the trust in our ever watchful and almighty Father, in whose hands we are just as safe on one side of the earth as the other, but I trust that she will yet learn.

Arthur said he would write you as soon as he had an affirmative answer from me, but that would mean two months yet before you'd know. He wants me to come out in August, already. I know Mama will think it is dreadful to go so soon, and not to be married at home. Of course it does make a difference, but as I told him: If my love is not equal to the occasion without the trimmings, it would not stand the test of time. But I know you must be glad about it because I know how you must have grieved to think of him being alone out there.

And now, because I feel so sure of your blessing on our hopes, I am going to enter in on my privilege as a daughter and invite myself to come and see you. Our spring vacation begins next Thursday, and I don't know yet whether the home folks will want me to come to them to talk it over, but I expect it, and I'd like to stop on the way to visit with you for a couple of days. I hope this will be acceptable to you, tho if it should not be convenient I expect you to frankly say so.

However, I am not coming as company, but as a member of the family, and wish to be received as such. Have I taken too much for granted? If so, forgive me. It is not that I do not feel my own unworthiness of such a confidence as he has reposed in me in offering me so great a privilege, but that I trust your love for him will rejoice at whatever makes him happier.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and waiting in hope for your approval of our plans

I am

Yours most sincerely

Anna Riehl

From my father, J. Arthur Thompson, to Clyde Coleman, Urbana, Illinois, USA Songdo, Korea, Sunday, May 24, 1908

My dear Clyde,

Your postal received, but have not seen letter yet. Things are moving along fast here. I have about completed my domicile, and it is a joy, I'll tell you. Am interested much in the new members of our Mission coming out this fall! Thanks for your congratulations. I have heard indirectly that your engagement was broken. What about it? I hope nothing serious is wrong. Write a fellow a letter anyhow! Give me some "Uni" news. Dr. Ralph Mills comes to Korea this fall. I just got my second "Round Robin" letter from U of I people in the East yesterday. Raymond Ricker and Elrick Williams are at Chentu, China, and talk of a big Christian University on foot. Dr. Beech is working up interest at home. Roy Smith is expected back in Japan this fall. I am in charge of five stone houses, now, and will have a big Girl's School starting soon. Will have four of the houses done soon. This photo shows you an up to date sawmill in Korea. This is the way all of our lumber is sawed. There is lots of interest to me in the East. I'm happy because I think I have found my true life work. It's wonderful how useful one can be out here.

Write soon. Did you get my New Years letter?

As ever, J. Arthur Thompson

(The picture on the post card is that of the two workers, each on the end of a long saw. The log that they are sawing the board from has one end on the ground and the middle supported. The end they are sawing is sticking up in the air from the center support, and thus can be sawed with one worker standing on the ground and the other balanced on top of the log. This picture is included in the Korean collection.)

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From my mother, Anna Riehl, to Nettie Thompson, my father's mother. This is written on stationery that has a good picture of the Riehl house and yard on one side of the heading, and a picture of the view down the river from the front yard on the other side. In the center of the heading "Evergreen Heights. E. A. Riehl. Grower of choice fruits, sweet potatoes, Honey and vinegar. High class summer board."

Alton, Il.

May 31, 1908

Dear Mother Thompson,

Your card reached me yesterday. I had not realized that it was already three weeks since we were together. No, I'm not drowned, tho lots of things are, along the river side and in the bottom land; but you see it keeps me busy writing to another member of the Thompson family. Even so, Mim scolds me for not writing oftener. I spent nearly all of this week visiting in Saint Louis, and so did not get much sewing done, only about two pieces which I made by hand. I have finished only seven pieces so far, but am having a good rest and happy times with the folks, and that is as essential as the clothes since there is no great hurry. I get plenty of exercise of the churning and dishwashing variety, and every evening take a walk which sometimes takes the shape of picking strawberries. We have canned about 50 quarts.

This week the folks feasted on cherry birds. We had 57 for eight of us the day I got home. Mabel is here over this week end and she is a jolly old teaser. The girls hardly tease at all until she comes, and then they don't stop at anything but I don't mind. We have lots of boarders too. There were 23 for supper last night and eleven staid. Two more came this morning, and they'll be here 'till after breakfast tomorrow. It takes a good deal of time to prepare for them, so we don't get to do as much sewing as we'd like. I haven't had a Songdo letter for two weeks, and that seems long to me but I know how busy he is preparing for my coming along with his other work, and I'm quite satisfied.

Things are going their quiet way here. The neighbors hardly know that I am home and I've not been in Alton since the day I was there for a few hours on my way home. The second Sunday after I got here I walked to a little Sunday School a couple of miles away where I used to go to school until I entered the seventh grade in Alton. I led a class, and afterwards spoke to the school. Then I staid to dinner and spent the afternoon with the only neighbor we have, a mile and a half away. I've not been to church in Alton yet, because last Sunday was the only time we didn't have a lot of boarders and then we had company and were preparing to go to Saint Louis in the early morning. I went to a decidedly "swell" reception Monday night. It was a Golden Wedding "Jew-bilee" as Emma called it. The people are Jewish, the parents of my first beau, the boy whose "mouth was the first thing that ever struck me." I had been at the home that morning and had been shown all the gorgeous and expensive presents. As our attention was drawn to them one by one I thought of the treasures that are more precious than gold which perisheth and thanked God that it was given me to appreciate and enjoy them.

Tuesday morning we went out to Shaw's Garden and really I took a great deal more pleasure in the lovely orchids, pansies and roses than in those gold threaded portiere, gilded cut glass and so on.

By the way how is your pansy crop by this time? I'll be coming up to spend a week with you some time at the end of July or first of August. Don't know yet when I'll sail, but not before September anyway.

With love to all, I am

"Your latest child" Anna Riehl

( The spelling of "Brot", "Thot" and so on are intentional. My mother was a pioneer in shortening some of the conventional spellings like "plough" now spelled "plow". The "ue" is now left off of "catalog." and so on. Some of the reforms stuck and became the standard. Others did not. E.A.T)



# Wayside Meditations

By Anna Riehl

The shadows of the night are softly falling  
 To shut away the thought of grief and care.  
 And voices of the spirit world are calling,  
 To worship, and to prayer.

But over you, the morning sun is shining,  
 And you are working the appointed talk.  
 While I, by prayer, into your life am pouring  
 The blessings that I ask.

But yet I long with an exceeding yearning  
 To stand beside you in God's chosen land.  
 To reap, with you, the harvest that is turning,  
 So white, beneath His hand!

Oh glorious promise of His love and blessing,  
 I shall be there! I shall behold your face!  
 Together, we shall work, our joy expressing,  
 The sunshine of His grace!

And if, someday, the shadows fall about me,  
 While over you the noonday sun is bright;  
 And you must go your lonely way, without me,  
 We still must think it right!

For God is wisdom, He is loving - kindness.  
 He ever leads, in safe and gentle ways.  
 And by His grace, our wisdom and our blindness  
 Are made to sing His praise!

By faith I hear the songs of triumph ringing,  
 The hosts of God are just beyond the veil,  
 And angel choirs the words of strength are bringing.  
 His spirit must prevail!

"Love never faileth," and I love you dearly.  
 Through storm and sunshine it is ever strong;  
 "Love is of God," I see and know it, clearly.  
 This is my Heavenly song!

Together, working in His service, always,  
 In perfect harmony of love, divine.  
 "We shall be like Him", Blessed words of promise!  
 And in His beauty, shine!

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Written August 4th to September 4th enroute to Korea. Presented to Arthur September 14, 1908 by Anna Riehl. Anna Riehl and J. Arthur Thompson were married the next day in Song Do Korea. They served in the Korean Mission field for six and a half years before returning to the United States. Their first three children were born there. The difference between the "evening shadows" and "Morning sun" were actual at the time she wrote it due to the change of time halfway around the world.

The following is a letter written to Mrs. Harvey Armstrong, of Rushville, Illinois, from Anna R. Thompson, at the time she was living at Sunnybrook, Songdo Korea --- November 15, 1909.

Dear May,

Just a little letter to reach you in time for a Christmas message, and let you know that we thot of you. The lace is for one of Frances' little white skirts. I think it will be enough, if you make one without a ruffle. We should like to send something for each one, but as our finances have not recovered from the shock of getting married yet, we must let the very small gift to Frances express our loving thot to you all. May this Christmas time be a very precious season to you, drawing you close to Jesus, the first Christmas Gift.

These are busy times for us. Arthur has so much to do he doesn't know which work to turn to first, and I have begun teaching my Sunday School class again, so have to study. I am also making short clothes for Ralph. Just now my cook is sick again, so have the kitchen work also. We had a lot of company last week. Dr. Noble was with us for two weeks, and Bishop Harris for a day, and the man who is putting in heating pipes at the Girls' School took two meals with us. We took some pictures of the Bishop while he was watching the baby have his bath. We also took several pictures of Ralph lately, and when we get some prints, I'll send a couple in this letter. Ralph is getting along fine, and is fat and happy. He has outgrown some of his clothes already. Arthur loves him so much and often leaves his work to come in and play with him. The Koreans all think he is just lovely, and our servants would do anything for him. A baby is an excellent avenue of approach to a Korean woman's heart, and I find him a great blessing in reaching the women as well as in every other way. Now I hope this will find you well and happy and prosperous and that this will add a little bit to your pleasant Christmas. it is at this season of the year that my thot's turn most toward home, because I was always at home on Christmas no matter where I was at

other times. But we had such a sweet time together last Christmas, and this time we have our dear baby, such a precious gift to remind us of the Father's love. I know we shall be very happy, for we are here to tell the story of Jesus' coming into the world to save the lost, and it is such joy to see the lost being saved by His power that it is not hard to be away from home. He left his home of love and glory and came to live among the sinful and misunderstanding men, so we ought to be glad for His sake to give up our home folks to a certain extent and live among the dirty and sin-weighted ones of this land. And we are glad, too.

Give our regards to Harvey, and with love to yourself and a kiss for Frances, and many wishes for a happy Christmas and a New Year filled with all blessings,

Sincerely,

Anna R. Thompson

From my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to her sister, Amelia Riehl.  
Sunny Nook, Songdo, Korea December 16 1909

Dear Mim,

Your letter came day before yesterday, and although it brought me much pain to know surely that Mama is so near the end, and to think of the fearful strain which you are all under, at the same time my tears were mostly tears of joy to know that her thots had been turned to a consideration of spiritual things and that the power and love of God were sustaining you. For two whole years now I have prayed morning and night and sometimes oftener that it might come in such a way that before she would leave us all with a rich experience of the love and peace of God might fill her life and that of those around her.

During the past few months I have been especially burdened, and one Sunday night about a month ago I broke down and told Arthur all about it. I was so grieved to think that in this hour of trial I was too far away to help with the actual burden and yet I was getting credit for being a missionary when you poor girls were suffering both day and night with her. Well, Arthur saw for the first time how deeply I felt about it and we had a special "prayer-meeting" in which he prayed as never before for the dear ones in the home land. When I read him your letter, reminding him of the time, he said: "Let's go over there where the little baby is and pray for them," which we did.

I am sure that God is especially sustaining you, and I am also sure that you are always being true to your trust. It is a wonderful privilege to be entrusted by God to guide a soul thru the dark valley. I have faith to believe that even yet the darkness will grow luminous with His presence. We shall continue to pray for you all as this is all the part we can have except to write letters

I have made an attempt to write for Mama the most important truths in so clear a way that even a tired and weakening mind could grasp them. I'm sure it is only what you have told her over and over again, but perhaps having it on paper and from half way around the world will give it more importance to her. I have put my whole heart into it, and almost a day's work so I'm sure God will be able to use it in some way. I shall send a little book which Bessie Peters Mother sent me. It is called: "Within the walls," and makes Heaven very real and sweet., and I think maybe in the child-like state of Mama's mind it would comfort and help her. I don't know whether she can read, now, and it might make her nervous to think that she had it to read and couldn't, so you decide whether it is best to give it to her.

I am hurrying so Arthur can take this and mail it in Seoul to catch the steamer leaving Japan on the 20th for every day is precious now. I am also going to ask a friend in Chicago to get the New Testament or Gospel of John in German large print and not heavily bound, and then if she can read at all you pick out some of the sweetest passages such as John 14-16, and 1 Cor 15 and Rom 8:31-39 and Rev. 21 and 22. It will also make it seem more real and familiar to her to read the sweet words in her own language and there is nothing like the Word of God itself to speak his message to the heart. Just trust Him to do His own work. I know how much harder her deafness makes it to help her in this time, for the tender words of hope and love lose half of their sweetness in being shouted. That is an added reason for the use of the Bible if she can read at all.

This is all that I can say, for I know that God is with you



and is helping you every day and night. He will not let her go from you in fear and trembling, but will surely give her comfort and peace. I am with you very much in thot, and in every thot is a prayer. I know your Christmas will be saddened by Mama's condition, but the same Jesus whose coming at this season brot joy which has lasted through the ages is the One whose rising again at Easter time has taken the sting from death and victory from the grave and opened the gates to eternal life for all who trust in Him.

With much love and an earnest prayer that my message may be helpful to Mama and so to all of you,  
Ever your own loving  
Annie

Sunny Nook, Songdo Korea

March 24, 1910

From my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to her sister, Amelia Riehl  
"Mim"

Dear Mim,

It is about half an hour before the people will come for prayer meeting, which is at our house today, and so I'll take that time for a special letter to you.

Mama's letter both pleased and disappointed me. I was glad that she was well enough to write, and that she was not offended by my letter, but much grieved that she took no notice whatever of its contents and said I need not bother to write to her specially as my letters to you all in general were quite satisfactory.

But I have not as yet ceased to hope that she will yet find the light, and at any rate I have prayed so much about it that I'm sure it is all right with her whether it seems so to us or not. But the daily anxiety and nervous strain must be very hard for you.

We pray much for you, that the "God of all comfort" may give you peace in the midst of strain and that you may have the patience of Christ and the wisdom that is from above. I dreamed the other night of being at home, and that you told me Mama was much worse. I don't often dream of things I think of during the day, and wonder if there was any significance in this.

Soon there will be lots of pretty flowers out doors, and little chickens and other baby things and that will distract Mama's attention from herself again and give a little rest to the nerves of you girls..

Ralph is such a darling. He is sitting in his carriage, whirling from side to side, chewing on the front and then standing on his knees and pulling at the back so I have always to be on the lookout with one eye to see that he does not tumble out. I don't know what would become of Arthur but for that baby. The work has just piled up on him, and he is not at all well, but when he gets all fuddled with the rush of work he runs in for a romp with Ralph and then goes back feeling better. It surely is too bad you can't see him at all, as everyone thinks he is extra sweet, even for a baby. But we'll try to have a baby in the family when we get home on furlough.

I never hear anything from Ollie's family. How are they all? Have also heard nothing from any of the Frank's for over a year.

You will be coloring some Easter eggs tomorrow or Saturday, probably. We shall not even have violets this year as we had last. If I'd thot of it long enough before, I could have had peach blossoms in reserve. One has to "live and learn." I'll have some next year.

Now I must close and bring in the chairs for the prayer meeting.

With much love,

Annie



From my father, J. Arthur Thompson th Doctor J. W. Reed, Victor,  
Montana, USA From Wonsan, Korea, June 2, 1910

Dear Doctor and Mrs. Reed,

I hope that you have long since received that looked for letter. Several more are either there or on the way.

I have just made out the door order for the work here this summer. There are only two hundred sixty doors on this job.

We are resonably busy and the boy (my older brother, Ralph) has caught the speed and can only be "caught" while asleep.

The views here are fine. Raining some already.

Had a big "cornerstone laying" for the Girls' School, May 17, 1910.

"Yours in a bunch"

J. Arthur Thompson

(This is the building that the Korean peace treaty was signed in)

From my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to the mother of my father,  
Margaret Jeanette "Nettie" Thompson  
(Written on a sheet of very thin, extra long paper, (six feet)  
folded many times from bottom to top so it can be read as it is  
unfolded)

"The Beehive"

Wonsan, Korea

November 20, 1910

Dear Mother,

Next week promises to be a very busy time, so I will begin my Christmas letter now while Arthur is napping and Ralph is tied up to the table leg with grocery string.

We were up to the Japanese part of the city yesterday, and among other things did some Christmas shopping. I intend packaging up the things as soon as I can get the little bags of "chew monies" that the Koreans call them for Annie and Bertha.

The work basket is for you, and I hope you will get both pleasure and good from it. There is a package of Japanese post cards for Roy and Walter, each. The little brown "kake" bag is for Jessie to carry his books in, and the ribbons for Essie and Gertrude.

Then in one of the little bags there are two tiny pearls, one for Lorena and one for Frances. We thought they would be so pretty set in a little locket. We are planning to finish the pictures of Ralph for Father's present, and to send Grandma's and Aunt Becky's remembrances either with these things or in a letter to each.

We wish you all a very happy Christmas, at home at school and at church. May He whose presence as a little baby brought "glad tidings of great joy" be with you in the person of His Spirit and make your Christmas beautiful

Lovingly yours  
Anna

From my father, J. Arthur Thompson to his father, W.J. Thompson

Wonsan, Korea

Dec. 5, 1910

Dear Father,

I have been trying for over a week to get time to write you a Christmas letter, but the work here has kept me so busy that I could not find the time.

Winter has caught us and we will go to Songdo after finishing one house that has all the first coat of plastering on now. We can see mountains all around us covered with snow in the distance, and ice is frozen hard enough to skate on here in the rice fields.

People here are very poor, and I see a man scraping the grass off of a grave here on the mountainside now to make a fire in his house so he can keep warm. Daily wages are from \$0.20 to \$0.25 and work is scarce at that. Our building work has been the biggest work in Wonsan this summer. and taking care of the people who want work is the hardest part of our job here. I don't know what they will do this winter when there will be hardly any work anywhere.

The snow reminds me of Christmas, however, and I wish I could spend it at home and rest a few weeks. We have been under a considerable strain this summer and would appreciate the visit two fold. I am sure you would enjoy an acquaintance with Ralph James. I have sent you a little folder with a few pictures we have of him. He is a boy, now, and walks all around. Gets into all kinds of mischief if we aren't watching him all the time, but that keeps us from forgetting that we are sure enough Americans.

We expect to spend Christmas with the Higgins' who have just arrived and are at "Sunnynook" now. That will be as near going home that we will have for a few years yet I guess. We get homesick, sometimes, but we do not have time to get that way often. I would enjoy a few days rambling around the hills and "hollers" of old town branch and Crooked Creek. I have seen some bigger streams, but they always mean home and boyhood and Christmas to me.

Love to you all and may the Season bring the joy and cheer that it used to. love to you all.

Your loving son,

J. Arthur Thompson



From my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to her sister, Amelia "Mim" Riehl. Written on the very thin, narrow Korean paper, several feet long, folded so that it can be unfolded as it is read.

"The Beehive", Wonsan, Korea, April 8, 1911

Dear Mim,

I found this clipping in the Christian Advocate, and thot it would interest you so send it before I forgot it again. I'm so glad you got to hear the violinist, and that you could go with Mrs. Stocker. One's company at a musical affair makes a great deal of difference as to how much it is enjoyed. I hope that you get to go again soon, for you must be pretty well starved out. But no doubt you do more playing by yourself these days, and that is lots of company to you and to the others also, being the only music in the house. We miss the music here at Wonsan, as there is no one who plays well. We enjoyed Miss Wagner and Miss Lowe when we were in Songdo.

It has been fine sunshine several days this week, and the ground is dry enough to walk on around the house. Ralph enjoys being out of doors, but doesn't like to stay in his buggy for any length of time. He rides on the woman's back a good deal, and is always piling on her as she sits on the floor, wanting a ride. He has learned to say "baw" for ball, and is very fond of his balls since he knows the word. He is just wild to dig in the dirt, and yesterday Arthur bought him a tiny shovel quite black enough to suit even him. I am planning a sand pile, with a roof over him to shade him, and this can soon be put into operation, and what a relief it will be! He gets so tired of his tin cans and other playthings, and his cross days are almost unendurable. Soon he will like building blocks, and that would be a good birthday present for someone to send him. He would also love a teddy bear, as he has nothing of that kind.

While I am writing birthday hints, I'll add a few things from which you can choose for birthdays and Christmas'. My handkerchiefs are almost gone, and a mother needs so many. A pair of Sorosis shoes (I don't remember the number, but on the inside of the shoe is "72 no.97-5. 14344514") . A woolen dressing saque. Then my underwear is in a sad state of going-ness, like all of our clothes. We were saying one day that everything was about in the last stage in a sort of "one horse shay" condition, so if it all gave way at once we'd all have to make a family rush to the bedroom. Ralph is pretty well provided for, except for panties which I shall soon begin to make for him as he is learning so well. Then I'd like a ribbon. Haven't had but one new one since I came to Korea, and that came off of something else.

It looks like rain again today, and we have half of one side of the house out, putting in new stairs. We are suffering various inconveniences while it is put in, but it will be so much more comfortable and good looking than our former little winding ladder. We'd have had our field plowed today if we could have gotten a man to do it. I am eager to get the early things started. I made a little garden of lettuce, radish, spinach and onions in the flower bed in front of the house a few days ago, and shall be watching the things come up and grow. A few plants are up in my boxes, and it is so nice to watch for more. I have to keep them out of Ralph's reach, tho, for he digs in every chance he gets.

Arthur is helping the carpenter with the steps today. We have been working some more on the heating, but it's not done yet.

It has been such an everlasting job. We have trouble off and on right along with the Chinese workmen. There are a number of these who lie around idle and just eat rice, when it is so expensive. We'll be busted twice over at the end of this building ----.

However, we, personally, are not going to bear the whole load of responsibility this year. The others are helping, and we are taking the load easier.

Monday morning. It is nearly 8:30 and Ralph has had his --- and is tied out to the table leg while the woman washed his didies. In a little while I must help Arthur, so I'll finish this letter while there is the chance.

It did rain Saturday evening, and almost all day yesterday. We staid at home, and played with Ralph, and read from Volume one of the Edinburg Conference Report on the progress of the Gospel in the various mission fields of the world. It is inspiring and enlarging to get out of Korea and get glimpses of what God is doing all over this big world of his, but always makes me feel ashamed to think that we have the very best field of all, with so many physical comforts and such a loving, faithful people to work among. If "To whom much is given, much shall be required" I shall have a big account to render, and I try to be faithful with my part every day, but it is such a poor part, unworthy of my opportunity.

In the evening when the rain was over we went for a walk over the hills, Ralph as usual riding Papa-back. We found six yellow violets four tiny hyacinths, a little grass in flower, a willow blossom, and some Azaleas with the pink showing. Everything looks fresh and hopeful. We'd have had our field plowed Saturday if we could have gotten a man. S--- (house servant) has gone out again this morning to hunt "a team."

We had fresh oysters yesterday. Fried for breakfast and soup for dinner. The whole purchase amounted to only four sen, shelled. It is a sad commentary on the pitiful poverty of the people, when they have to sell their produce for such prices in order to get purchasers. You should have seen Ralph eating the soup!

Arthur went hunting with Dr. Ross and Mister Stokes one afternoon, and we had a duck as the result. Arthur didn't kill it, but as the others got two apiece they divided with him. It tasted mighty good, and such gravy!

It is about time to quit, so this will be all for this time. You can see that Ralph has been interfering somewhat with the smooth course of writing. (extra dots and scribbles)

With love to all,

Annie

From my Aunt "Mim", Amelia Riehl. Sister of my mother. One of the three "girls" who stayed home to take care of their ailing mother. Written to Margaret Jeanette Thompson, mother of my father.

Evergreen Heights,  
Illinois  
May 3, 1911

My dear Friend,

We got your card yesterday. Yes, I guess you did have a lovely trip on the boat. Your whole trip seems to have been rather unfortunate. I hope you'll not let it discourage you, but will try it again soon, and stay longer with us next time. Hope you found everything all O.K. at home.

The house party was great, so exciting. The launch got stuck halfway between here and Clifton, and Walter and Jim had to go after the people (17, and as many suitcases) in row-boats in the blackest night and worst lightning storm. At quarter after ten they reached the house, some of them starving hungry, and others too scared to eat.

But we let them sleep till the rain stopped next morning and gave them a good breakfast and a dandy dinner and they had a great ball game on the lawn in the sunshine and in the evening they went home, everybody declaring that they "had a lovely time," and they are coming again. I hope they do. The hail that night knocked off three quarters of the peony buds and ruined all of the lilacs. Papa thinks the narcissis are still good. They are not quite ready to ship yet. We had frost last night and the night before. We cannot tell yet how much the fruit is hurt. In the same mail with your card came such a fine, cheerful letter from Annie. She said things are looking so much brighter now than they had for a long time, that she and Arthur are both feeling better and Ralph was behaving better and is learning new words every day. It was to tell you about this letter that I wrote as you seemed a little worried about them when you were here.

Judie spent the day in town, and the rest of us did a big ironing and some garden work beside. So everybody is tired and has gone to bed, and that's where I'm bound for now.

Write again when you have time.

Lovingly,

Amelia

"Mim"

(I believe that the "ball game" referred to was croquet. That part of the lawn was always referred to as the "croquet ground" all during my lifetime. I never heard baseball mentioned. E.A.T.)

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Letter from my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to her sister, Amelia

June 3, 1911

Dear Mim,

It would not be justice to your good letter not to give it an immediate answer. I certainly appreciate your wish to help and gladly accept your proposition to make our wants known on the given terms. I know how glad I always am to help people, and am willing that others should have a chance at this kind of gladness thru me. We have indeed received much of love and kindness from many sources lately, and a good deal of it is bread cast upon the waters in times past, returning now when it is much needed. Besides, we are in a position to need and appreciate love and



sympathy and the kinds of material help which you offer, more than some folks who are not so hard pressed and are nearer to a good market for procuring such things.

No, certainly the troubles that we have had have in no wise come from the home circle, tho perhaps the hurt of them might have ben less if you had written oftener reminding us of sympathy there.

It seems that builders on the mission field are bound to face hardships, that hardest of all hardship, being misunderstood and unappreciated. The others who have preceded us have had more of it than we have and none have held out so long as we have. The fearful pressure of the work last summer, with some misunderstandings among the missionaries and trouble with the workmen, my having to go right on working when it seemed likely to ruin my health for good. All this, with the last bitterness in the treatment accorded us by the Higginses, whom we had regarded as close friends and to whom we have looked for kindness and a place to rest for a little while, and this last straw, coming when we were tired and so troubled and anxious; These were the cause of our heartaches. But, by the grace of God, we are turning the irritations into pearls; the oysters way of glorifying suffering.

On the whole we have had toe loyal support of our mission, even with the going to pieces of the work we have had here lately. Most of the missionaries have ben especially kind and expressions of appreciations of our position. Then to, I am quite well again, and we are going to have our little one, and I can see now that I need not have worried, because a deeper trust learned thru these very same troubles has taught me more of the love and care of the Father for his own.

We are being so happy here in our tiny nest for we have each other and that is a lot, and we have no other place to call home, now. It makes more of a reality that "Building in the skies, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." I have been thinking lately how nice it would be to move into that home for which we had not had to work and worry, and I'm sure it will be a good house because Jesus has gone on before to prepare it as he has said.

It is raining today, a soft, dropping down which will be so good for the green things. Arthur has just gone uptown to see if he can get the money exchanged or if it must be sent to Seoul.

With much love, Annie

Post card from Anna Riehl Thompson to Margaret Jeanette Thompson  
Picture of the city of Wonsan, Korea on the face of the card.

Wonsan Korea "The Beehive"

August 27, 1911

Dear Mother,

It is four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and Arthur has just returned from a drive with Ralph while Willard and I kept the house. Ralph is very happy over his little brother. He laughs whenever Baby squeaks, and wants to kiss him again and again. Arthur is kept very busy with his family duties morning and night with a long day given to building work in between but he seems

happy. Mrs. Ross or Mrs. Hitch comes every day to bathe the baby. He is fat and sleeps all the time. With love, Anna

From my Aunt Mim", Amelia Riehl. Sister of my mother. One of the three "girls" who stayed home to take care of their ailing mother. Written to Margaret Jeanette Thompson, mother of my father.

Evergreen Heights,  
Illinois

Dec. 1, 1911

Dear "Mother Thompson"

I was so glad to get your letter this morning, to know that you are all well and getting along nicely. Em and Julia went to Alton to see the poultry show and I am "housekeeper" for Papa and Walter, and will answer your letter right away while I'm alone with no one in the house to "butt in."

You may tell any of your friends that we have Annie's books for sale and will send one post paid to any address for one dollar. (\$1.00) We put the money in the bank for her so when she gets hard up she can send for it. We are getting anxious about the trouble they are having with the Chinamen, especially since we heard of the massacre of missionaries in China. I wish they'd get scared and come home and live like "white Folks." I'm so glad we all got their Christmas things all started off in such good time. I think it would be dreadful to be so far a way from home and have nothing from home for Christmas.

We have had a great deal of company this fall, and are way behind in our work now. Em reads evenings while Judie and I make little things for Christmas. Our summer's work was very hard on us all, and it nearly got me down. But I am regaining my strength rapidly. I spend two or three hours out of doors each morning, tending to my traps. I caught seventy-five rabbits in the month of November and I couldn't tell how many the boys shot. The place is just alive with them!

Now I am going to make some coffee for the girls, who will be home in a few minutes.

Write us again whenever you have time.

Lovingly Your Amelia.

From my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to the mother of my father,  
Margaret Jeanette "Nettie" Thompson  
(Written on a post card)

Songdo Korea  
Dec. 13, 1913

Dear Mother,

The package arrived yesterday. Arthur received it, and I told him to hide it until Christmas. So we have that much at least laid up with which to enjoy the season. Our Montgomery Ward order may get here also, as it was to leave America Nov. 25th.

This has been a busy week writing letters, Arthur and I working together. We are also finishing up the accounts. I am feeling stronger now and hope to get more sewing done. Arthur went to Seoul today - and took Ralph along because he wanted to see "Dat Su Pyo Church" -- the one we are building in Seoul. It is cold and bitterly windy today. They should be here in a few minutes.

Lovingly, Anna.



A Korean Boy's Gratitude  
By Anna Riehl Thompson

There appeared one day at our home in Songdo Korea, a boy about fifteen years old, with close cropped hair, the mark of a Christian, and asked for our man servant. Later, when we asked our man who the boy was, he told us that he was the son of Christian who lived about seventy miles away near our servant's old home. The boy had a rupture which was seriously in need of medical attention, and having heard of the mission hospital at Songdo, he and his father worked hard to save a little money that he might be cured.

They were farmers, but by working extra time at banking rice fields they were able to save what seemed to them a large sum of money. It was in fact less than two dollars. The boy had walked the seventy miles, in June, in high hopes of being cured.

Arrived at the hospital he was examined, only to be told that altho the operation would most certainly cure him, it would cost five times as much money as he had brot, and funds for charity work were almost exhausted. Our man said sorrowfully: "It is too bad. They are such faithful Christians, and there are so few in that place. If only we could have sent him back well and happy!"

We, too, felt sad to think of the disappointment of the old father; for in Korea an only son is held very dear indeed.

So it was decided that the operation would be performed; the boy to pay the money he had brot for that purpose, the doctor to pay a part of the expense from the charity fund, and we to pay the rest. (Six dollars as I remember it)

(To put this in proper perspective, a letter from my father to his father during this same period stated that wages for men were from twenty to twenty-five cents a day, and work was scarce and hard to find. Six dollars was considerable money. Erwin A. Thompson)

Within two weeks the boy appeared again, smiling radiantly, saying that he was cured, and that his father had written him to stay with us and work to pay for what we had spent for him.

As the doctor had advised him to be careful for some time to come, we sent him back to his father, to wait until after the rainy season.

Then one day in August, after we had forgotten all about this, he appeared again. He had come to work for us, he said, and would not be put off. Incidentally, he had brot two blind men to the hospital, to have their sight restored. They had walked with him all that distance, hoping for a cure, on the strength of what he had told them about his own case.

It so happened that we had some grading to be done; so we turned this job over to the boy who, with another boy about his age whom we were supporting in the school, worked prodigiously for weeks. Since he was paying board, also, the money to be applied on his debt to us did not accumulate very fast. When frost came it was only about two thirds paid; still we sent him home. We told him that the rest did not matter, so long as we had been assured of his good intentions and appreciation. Even so, however, shortly before we left Korea in February, we had word thru our servant that the boy and his father were still writing of their gratitude, and still hoping to pay the rest of the debt some day.

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This post card was brought to us a few years ago by the son of the woman that my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson wrote it to, Mrs. Beulah Smith, Denhart Hall, Carthage, Illinois. This was a family friendship that started many years before the card was written and continued until the death of the last of the "Riehl Girls". I have Christmas letters that Aunt Em wrote to Mrs. Smith in the 1950's. Her son brought them to us. He remembered visiting here as a child.

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Songdo, Korea, January 25, 1914

Dear Friend,

We expect to leave for America in three weeks, going by the Red Sea, so we shall have been around the world when we arrive at home.

Our address will be Rushville, Illinois, though we shall be at my home for a short time in April or May.

We are all well. Eleanor June is seven and a half months old, and a little beauty.

Hope to see you.

Anna R. Thompson

## TRAVELERS FIVE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

On the night of February 20th and early the next morning there was great confusion and bustling in a certain missionary home at Songdo Korea. The Thompsons five were getting ready for the journey home on furlough, having elected to take the longer trip around by the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and Europe, in order to see and learn more of the world.

We left Songdo early Saturday morning on the Manchurian Express, a large representation of the missionary body and many of our native helpers and friends having come to the train to see us off.

Shortly after dark we arrived at Fusan and took the boat to Shimonoseki. All three children went peacefully to sleep, but shortly after we left the harbor a storm developed. In the course of the night I woke up to find that Willard had been thrown out of his berth, but as he was still fast asleep and still wrapped in his blankets (and I was not feeling over energetic myself right then) I left him there. I found him still asleep in the morning, with the spittoon overturned on top of him. Fortunately it had been unused, since neither my husband or I chew tobacco.

Arriving at Shimonoseki Sunday morning, we spent the day in the hotel there, glad of the rest after our strenuous packing thru the preceding days; and refreshed by the message of spring spoken by the bright grass and opening plum blossoms, went on our journey by train that night.

Kobe was reached next morning at eight o'clock, and friends met us at the train and helped us do some shopping and other business. By eleven o'clock we were on the boat bound for Genoa. (This confused me at first. I believe this was the final destination of the group that they were traveling with, not the next port as I first thought. EAT)

For about a week the weather was cold and blustery, and we had to stay in a good deal. Our first stop was (Here the writing is gone in patches for a few lines. I have filled in what I can read. EAT) where we coaled. We were much interested to see the little brown women sending up their filled baskets of their wares of tortoise and --- and the customers buying the offerings and sending back the baskets empty. (This process is better described later in the story)

In Shanghai we ----- raw cotton to be spun at H ---.

Set out for Soochow, by rail. -----?

Suddenly a cheery voice called: "Well, how do you do, Mister Thompson?"

Looking up we saw one of our boys from the Anglo-Korean School who I had taught English for two years.

He was serving in the capacity of street car inspector, and told us that out of nineteen inspectors in the city, sixteen were Korean Christians; the government having been so well pleased with the efficiency and faithfulness of the first ones that entered the service that they had they had sent to the Y.M.C.A. in Seoul for more just like them.

On the train going up to Soochow I was particularly impressed with the flatness of the country, as evidenced by the fact that the canal boats looked just as though they were sailing in the fields; and also by the prominence of the graves; many of them covered with a miniature house made of stones, plaster of thatch.

In Soochow we were entertained in the home of Mister Gee, and saw as much of the work and workers as possible in one day. Personally I was very favorably struck by the evident success of



the Susan B. Wilson Industrial School.

Returning to Shanghai that night, we had supper at Doctor Fearn's home, were back on the boat by eleven o'clock (PM) and next morning were on our way to Hong Kong.

We landed there in the evening, three days later. As soon as our children were all fast asleep we left the boat and saw something of the city, doing quite a little shopping. (It is not specifically mentioned here, but obviously they had some arrangements for child care. There were sixteen in their party. I so far have not found what the relationship was exactly)

The first morning out of Hongkong we woke up to find the heat that had all along been promised us, and for three weeks thereafter we had all we wanted of it.

Our boat went to Manila, and during the six hours in port we saw a good deal of the city as we were shown about by a graduate of our Alma Mater who is in missionary work here. At this place we had our first sight of the gorgeous tropical flowers, and were entertained by the sight of the quaint native houses and queer cattle drawing the carts.

Four days more and we were at Singapore. As there were only a few hours in port, I visited the world famous botanical garden while Mister Thompson staid on the boat and put the children to bed. The pleasure of the trip was spoiled, however, by a heavy tropical rain, which made me feel like ever afterwards writing the name of the city "Singapour."

The evening that the boat came into port and the next morning before we left, the passengers were regaled by the sight of skillful divers after coins. Most of them refused to go down for anything but a silver coin, but if the reward looked promising several would leap at once from their canoes into the water, all to come up again after one of them triumphantly holding up the money. Then they would all clamber back into their boats, and while rowing skillfully with both hands, skillfully bail out the water with their feet. Some of them daringly tied their boats to the rudder of the ship as we were leaving port. One man's boat upset, and I think he lost all his money.

The souvenirs brot to the boat for sale included beautiful corals of many kinds and a great variety of sea shells; among them the chambered nautilus.

Two afternoons later found us at Penang, where there was a great quantity of block tin to be taken aboard. More than half of the world's supply of tin comes from the Federated Malay States.

We spent the afternoon taking a carriage drive to the Gardens, and enjoyed passing thru the cocoa-nut, pineapple and banana groves along the way. Also the little brown women with their babies slung on their hips, and other new sights.

The run to Colombo took five days, and as we arrived there on a Sunday afternoon we did not do much sight-seeing but took a carriage drive thru the city and saw the museum. Our only souvenir of Ceylon is a branch of cinnamon, but that is a good one as most of the cinnamon comes from this island.

The days and nights on the Indian Ocean were ideal. It was the best time of the year for the trip, and the water was like molten glass most all the way. The phosphorescence of the water was beautiful at night, and it was interesting to watch the Southern Cross ascend and the Pole Star descend sink until it was too near the horizon to be seen.

Six days more and we were at Aden, the last port before entering the Red Sea. It was night when we came to anchor, and as there was no chance to go ashore to buy anything the souvenir

vendors rowed up to the boat and offered their wares for sale by throwing aboard a rope and then passing up whatever any of the passengers wished to see. Among the souvenirs were quaint baskets, shells strung like beads, ostrich feathers, horns of deer and antelope, sharks' teeth, and cedar chests.

The Red Sea was beautiful, the surface ruffled just enough to make a lovely sight and not disturb anyone's stomach. The passage thru the Suez canal was most interesting, as we watched the sand dredges working and other vessels coming and going. We were told that our boat was having to pay \$12,500.00 toll just for the passage thru.

We landed at Port Said one afternoon, had our introduction to Egypt at the hotel where we had dinner, and that night started for Cairo by train. When sleepy time came the children were made comfortable on the seats and rested well until we reached Cairo near midnight. We spent the next day seeing the sights of the city which included several famous mosques, and the place where Moses was found in the Nile. That afternoon Mister Thompson took the little boys out to see the pyramids and the sphinx, and the children enjoyed their ride on the camel. Next morning we spent at the museum, admiring the mummies and other relics of ancient Egypt. Before noon we were on the return trip to Port said enroute to Palestine.

Embarking in the evening, we spent a fairly comfortable night in crowded quarters only to be awakened early in the morning by the roughness of the sea. Before we had come to anchor at Jaffa several members of our party were exceedingly sick. We went ashore in a row-boat, and the swells were so strong that it took two sailors to swing each person down, to be caught by two others on reaching the boat. Our little baby was the last one left, and the small boat was dashed up and down so violently that our hearts stood still as she was handed down; but a tall guide in red Turkish cap grabbed her as she came and giving her a sounding smack (kiss) he handed her to me.

The day at Jaffa, Ancient Joppa, was spent in visiting the tomb of Dorcas and the house of Simon the Tanner, and resting at the hotel within sight and smelling distance of the lovely orange groves. About the middle of the afternoon we started for Jerusalem. The ride on the train is fascinating. First there is the luxuriant Plain of Sharon with the groves of orange and olive, then a rugged ascent thru bleak, rock covered mountains, high at the top of one of which the cave of Samson is pointed out. The flowers were in their glory; flaming poppies, dainty phlox, and delicate cyclamen and many others competing for our attention and admiration.

We arrived at Jerusalem that night, and were soon comfortably settled at the hotel. The next few days were spent in sight-seeing in that city. We visited the Old Temple area where the mosque of Omar now stands, the pool of Bethesda, the Roman Catholic Church built on the site of Pilate's judgment hall, the Mount of Olives, Mount Sion and many other sacred historical places.

It was Palm Sunday when we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and one could not help being awed by the great crowds of pilgrims from many countries who were worshipping there with such reverence and zeal.

We spent one morning on our trip to Bethlehem where we visited the Church of the Nativity, laying our little girl in the manger which is said to stand on the site of the one where our Savior was laid. We tried to get a picture of the soldier who was



passing back and forth between the parts of the church respectively to the Armenians and the Catholics, but when we thought we had the right view he got out of sight.

We greatly enjoyed the exhibit of souvenirs in the shops of the city. The most characteristic work done in the place is the making of beads, small crosses, stars and other ornaments out of mother of pearl brot from the Red Sea. It seemed as tho the workmen took unusual pleasure in producing well-made and beautiful articles.

We spent the better part of two days on the trip down to Jerico, Jordan and the Dead Sea. The carriage ride was very pleasant, especially on the new road, but it is a continual going down, down, down, often with a steep precipice just at the side and a cliff above with dark caves in which one might well imagine lived the thieves who in olden times attacked the man who was going down from Jerusalem to Jerico.

We were interested in the pool of Elisha which waters all of that barren region around New Jerico; making it a garden spot of freshness and beauty, a type of the life that richly gives.

That afternoon we visited the Dead Sea, barren and desolate, fifty five percent mineral matter, where no living thing can exist. Even the little fish, brought in by the Jordan River die as soon as they enter the water. This is the type of the opposite kind of life, which takes all it receives and gives nothing. It is restless, unfruitful, poisonous.

The Jordan looked a little small to us after sailing on such great waters, and also rather muddy. We could better understand Naaman's reluctance to bathe in it as a cure for leprosy. There are larger and cleaner rivers at home. We saw the old wall of Jerico, recently excavated; the one built by Hiel the Bethelite who lost his two sons during the construction. (I Kings, 16:34.)

Another day was spent in the drive down to Hebron, 21 miles through the richest grape country in Palestine (where the "grapes of Eschol" were found, and at the end came to the dirtiest town I ever saw, and also the most fanatical. Our guide tried to get a picture of the interior of the mosque which is built on the site of the graves of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Leah, and which none but Mohammedans are permitted to enter. The tomb of Rachel is on the way, a few miles out from Jerusalem and is said to be one location which is absolutely authentic.

Hebron is the place where the skins are cured for carrying water, and we came upon one place where there were hundreds of them in preparation, all lying on the ground, filled up in the original shapes of the animals that they once covered. As we were leaving the place some boys began throwing stones. Our guide hurried us away.

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Post card "carte postale" from my parents, J. Arthur and Anna Riehl Thompson from Jerusalem, Palestine April 5, 1914 to her sisters at Evergreen Heights, Alton, Illinois USA

Dear Girls, We have been here a week today and have had a great time. We leave tomorrow morning for Port Said and Alexandria where we take the MDL boat for Genoa. From there we will probably go through Germany and see if we can find our relatives. I don't wish to delay any longer and hope to be home by the later part of this month.

This is a street scene in Bethlehem, sheep and shepherds, and our children enjoying their first acquaintance with them. We visited the Church of the Nativity and also the souvenirs. They



make beautiful things from mother of pearl from the Red Sea. We were there last Tuesday. Wednesday we drove to Jerico and the Dead Sea, going back Thursday, and yesterday back to Hebron, the dirtiest place I ever saw. We are all feeling so much better than we did on the boat. It is so cold here that we are all wearing our warmest clothes. Baby has cut two more teeth here.

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On leaving Palestine we took boat for Alexandria, passing again thru Port said and this was one time when our whole family was sea sick. From Alexandria we sailed from Naples which was reached after four uneventful days, and began our memorable trip across Europe.

In Naples we spent several days, the party that took the Palestine trip breaking up at this place. One day we took the children to the aquarium, one of the best in the world, and one day we spent at the museum where we saw many interesting things from Pompeii. My husband and older boy spent one whole day in the latter place, and obtained a number of excellent pictures. Our room at the Pension was just across the bay from Vesuvius, and we saw this awesome volcano in many changing aspects.

Rome was our next stop, and here we were amazed and exasperated by the lack of any sort of officials who could speak English. Mister Thompson spent an hour getting accommodations at the hotel, while I kept the three tired children at the station, and then no sooner had we found our location than he was hustled off to the police station for refusing to pay the exorbitant fare asked by the cabman even he had offered more than the regular rate.

This difficulty adjusted, he started off again to find a friend of mine engaged in missionary work there and did not return until after nine o'clock, having at least gotten her correct address. During the next morning we found this friend, and in the course of our visit with her climbed the hill back of her school and got a fine view of Rome as a whole. She pointed out the principal buildings and that afternoon Mister Thompson saw Saint Peters alone.

Early next morning we went to the station in plenty of time to make the eight o'clock train for Genoa, but the porter that we gave our baggage to carry stood there like a stick until the train began to pull out, so that we had to get off again. Mister Thompson made a heroic effort to get the baggage on himself. We had telegraphed ahead to Cook and Son at Genoa to send our mail to meet that train in the evening. We were most desirous of making a train leaving about an hour later which had a thru car for Stuttgart. We therefore took an express train leaving two hours later, and anxiously waited to see if we could make connections. On the way we saw the leaning tower of Pisa and the outlet for Carrara marble, and passed thru more than sixty tunnels in the two hour run between Pisa and Genoa; but at that time our minds were occupied with the thought of those short fifteen minutes to make connections that we did not pay much attention to the beautiful scenery. When the train stopped at Genoa we at once got off only to be told that if we were going to Stuttgart we must take the train at the other station. This gave us less than five minutes, so that altho with much hurrying we made the train we could not re-check our baggage and had to leave it for Cook's man to send.

We woke next morning to the wonders of Switzerland, and it

was a joy and a relief to be able to make our wants known in German on reaching Zurich. In the middle of the afternoon we were at Stuttgart and without much difficulty found our relatives there. They were amazed to find that we had made such a trip with our little family.

From Stuttgart we made little runs into the villages round about. One of our trips was to Hohenheim where there is an agricultural school. In all we obtained a fairly good idea of Germany, and German family life.

For five days we were waiting for a piece of baggage sent on from Genoa, and at last decided to go on without it, on the 4:30 train. However, at three o'clock we received a message saying the baggage was there and would meet us at the station. We left with light hearts, and were ever so glad to see our Japanese basket again.

We were told that we would not need to change trains until we reached Frankfurt, so ate our supper in peace, and were only beginning to become uneasy as the signs on the stations did not correspond with some names near Frankfurt. At last we found that we should have changed train some time before and were now at Saarbuck, the last station before entering France.

So we had to travel back, making three changes in the course of the night before we reached Frankfurt next morning. I shall never forget the night. The conductor, on finding his mistake in not telling us to change said: "Well, that isn't our business here as it is in America," and beat a hasty retreat. But on the whole my impression of German officials was very favorable, and certainly all that we met that night were most kind. We had to pay our way again only on one line. The children did not fret or cry, and would start up bravely every time we had to make another change, and do their part in transferring the baggage.

From Frankfurt we passed some beautiful country, getting a glimpse of Gottingen and Hanover. We arrived at the port of Bremen after four o'clock, and before six had to finish all of our business arrangements for going aboard early in the morning. We could not help laughing in spite of our tiredness, to think that the precious piece of baggage had beaten us to Bremen after all.

The Atlantic trip was uneventful, and not very pleasant. There were fearful storms all of the last half of the trip, and two days from New York we passed the burning "Columbian;" a large ship bright with enveloping flames even in a heavy rain.

We were thankful when we reached the New York Harbor, and were through customs and on the train within two hours of leaving the boat. The children, realizing that this was the long promised "'Merica" were impatient of the long train ride to Saint Louis.

Grandma and Grandpa Thompson met us at the Saint Louis station, and their joy was complete. We too shared their sentiments, altho we were glad to have had the trip with all of its experiences. We felt like the man with eleven children who had expressed his sentiments thus: I wouldn't take a million dollars for any of the ones I have, but I wouldn't give five cents for another."

Anna Riehl Thompson

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Postlogue by Erwin A. Thompson. I am their son, born November 9, 1915.

From the Saint Louis railroad station the group traveled to

Alton, Illinois, the home of my mother, Mrs. Thompson, at Evergreen Heights. It was a sad time for her, as her mother had died during their missionary tour in Korea. She was met by her father and the three sisters who had stayed at home to take care of their mother who had been in a wheel chair for eight years. We have a picture of the group, taken on the Riehl front lawn. The two boys each have an American flag which had been given them upon their arrival in the United States.

Further adventures may be pieced together through the Rushville letters and other pieces of the Thompson history in the Thompson book.



Story from the Saint Louis Christian Advocate, October 6, 1916

The Wife Of Kim Su Won

By Anna Riehl Thompson

Kim Su Won's wife came wearily up the slope, slightly shifted the weight of the water pot on her head, and leaned dejectedly against the half-open gate.

"What are you waiting for?" questioned a querulous voice from within. "Come here at once, Lazy One, with that water! Do I not need it immediately for finishing up this Kimchi, before the men return from the market? They will be very hungry, as you know, having walked forty li since dinner, and will expect hot rice to be already prepared when they arrive. Hurry!"

The little woman so addressed swung the gate the rest of the way open, and stepped into the yard. Letting down her burden, she poured it into the great earthen jar in which the turnips and cabbages were tightly pressed down, interspersed with a plentiful sprinkling of garlic, and the necessary salt.

"Is that not enough, Mother?" she questioned meekly. "I have made twenty trips down and up the hill since noon, and I am most exceedingly tired."

"Well, among all the lazy persons, I think you are the worst. Did I not make that trip forty times or more each day in kim-cha making season when I was young, and never thought of complaining? But that has always been the trouble with you. I have told Su Won many a time that I would endure it no longer. He simply must get another wife. You, who have no son, should know better than to try to shirk your other duties!"

The younger woman winced. Patiently she picked up the water pot, placed it on her head and walked slowly out of the gate and down the hill. At the well she paused, looking down at the murky water, before she let down and filled the vessel.

"Yes, it is true, she thought, "I have borne no son. Does it not grieve me a thousand times more than it does her? She merely wishes for one to worship her spirit when she is gone; but I long for one who is really my own. One who would have a name, and by whose name I would be known. 'The mother of Won Lin.' How good that would sound instead of being always 'that one,' or 'you there.' Did not Cho Kyung's wife, overcome by the continual nagging about having no child, throw herself into the well only last month? And did not another of the women of the village eat lye for the same reason? Why should I not put a stop to the wearisome round of scolding, nagging, and threatening right here. Then Su Won could get his new wife and they would all be happy."

"But no, would Su Won be happy? He has always been so kind to me, and altho there is nothing to hinder him from taking another wife he has not yet done so. And he said once perhaps I might find some medical treatment that would make me well. Perhaps I had better wait awhile. It may be that even today he has heard of something that would help me."

"Is the kim-chi finished?" called a cheery voice near by, and looking up, she saw to her dismay that her husband and father - in-law were just behind her, having returned somewhat early from the market, six miles away.

"No, not quite," she answered with a forced quietness. "I am now fetching the last of the water. You will have to wait a little while for your rice, I fear."

"It does not matter, said Kim Su Won, generously, while the

older man grumbled something under his breath.

Then all hurried to the top of the hill, the little sick woman drooping under the weight of the jar. Kim Su Won cared far more for his wife than the average Korean does, yet it never occurred to him to take the burden himself.

All through the preparation of the rice for supper, the older woman kept up a fusillade of nagging.

Kim Su Won gently interposing, said, "Let her alone, Mother, she is very tired after the big day's work of kim-chi making. do not ask too much of her."

"Yes, that is just like you, Su Wonnie. You are always making excuses for her laziness instead of getting another wife that would be strong and help me with the work more, and would bear you a son."

Kim Su Won said nothing. His mother was too much preoccupied with her own ill-temper to notice that he did not seem as dejected as usual by her taunts, but the wife did, and in her heart glowed  
That night, ~~when the hope~~ people were fast asleep, the wife still being busy in the kitchen, Kim Su Won crept softly out of the paper door and called her.

"I have some good news," he said. "This afternoon at the market I met again the men of whom I spoke to you once before. Jesus believing people, they are called. I have talked with them before, and they told me that it is wrong to take another wife. Today they told me of a wonderful place called a hospital in the city of Songdo, from which they came. They say that the doctor there can do perfectly wonderful things, even to restoring sight to the blind. I desire that you go there with me, very soon, and see if they can do something to cure your pain."

"Very good. Let us go tomorrow," assented the tired little woman.

So on the morrow, early, both arose and without giving much satisfaction to the curiosity of the old mother, began their long journey to the distant city. They had to rest occasionally, for the woman was ill; had been so for years, and in addition was still tired from the day before. At noon they stopped at a "Chumak" (wayside hotel), had a bowl of rice apiece, and a short rest, and then resumed their journey.

Many strange sights greeted them as they made their way over steep mountains and through narrow passes. The heavy autumn frosts had laid low most of the little mountain flowers, but the maples and the nutui-nama were gorgeous against the background of evergreens. Many a trickling brook they crossed on stepping stones, or a rustic bridge made of logs and earth. Many a load of brush wood passed them on its way to the city, the leafy branches piled high and tied securely on the back of a strong and patient cow. In the valley the grains were already gathered, but here and there was a bright field of cabbages, and at times a man with a heavy load of long white turnips would pass them on his way to market.

But none of these things excited any comment from the two. They were used to just such sights, and besides they were thinking of the important business on which they had set forth, and had no room for other thoughts. If this hope failed, then all was hopeless, and what to do next Su Won did not know. He had practically accepted the Jesus doctrine, which made it impossible for him to take another wife, and yet it looked like his parents would compel him to do so in spite of himself. Well, he would hope for the best.

It was late at night when they entered the city, once the



capitol of the Empire. At another time they would have been full of curiosity and interest, but tonight they hurried on through the unlighted streets, eager only to reach the end of their journey. Everyone whom they asked seemed to know about the hospital, so it was not hard to find their way.

At last they reached the closed gate, at which they knocked loudly. "Noo-goo-yo?" (Who is there?) came the question.

"Someone to see the foreign doctor," replied Kim Su Won. They were told that they must wait 'till morning, and directed to a place to spend the night.

Early next morning they were again at the hospital door. They had not long to wait. A strange looking lady with a white face and queer clothes spoke to them, and then they were in the presence of the doctor, who looked no less strange to them. However, the kindly manner of the two strangers calmed their fears and before long the examination finished, they were told that an operation, not at all difficult or dangerous, would completely restore Kim's wife to health and strength.

That afternoon the operation was performed. The man's heart almost failed him when he saw his wife taken into the room in which he had caught a glimpse of many strange pieces of apparatus. He was not sure but this was some new form of Devil worship to cast out sickness. But the woman was brave with the memory of long years of endured taunts, and with the hope of a joyful ending to it all.

Evening came. The woman lay with other women on a warm, clean floor. The sickness from the anesthetic had worn off, and she watched with growing interest and understanding of the ministrations of the foreign nurse and other nurses who were Korean women like herself. Everything was so clean, and they were so quiet and kind. The nurse came to her own bed, and asked softly if there was anything she could do to make her more comfortable for the night.

"No, No!" she answered happily. "I have never been so comfortable and so full of peace as I am this night."

A few days later Kim went home. He had been told that he need have no anxiety whatever on account of his wife; that her rapid recovery was assured, and he would be sent for when she was able to make the trip home with him.

The days that followed were indeed filled with peace for Kim Su Won's wife. She had never known so much kindness, especially at the hands of women. Ever since she entered the home of her mother in law at the age of ten years she had been made to work beyond her strength and scolded and threatened. Here it was all so different. The nurses were so gentle, so quiet and so kind, that it was a constant marvel to her. At last a light began to break in upon her benumbed mind. The Jesus of whom they told her so eagerly, was kind and loving, and they were trying to be like Him. Yes, that was it. If only He would make himself known to her, as they said He had to them. She lay thinking what a change would be wrought in her husband's home if they all became Jesus-believers and it transformed them like this. And then one night, when one of the nurses was with her, she spoke with great yearning, "I want to believe. Please teach me."

She stayed at the hospital some time, and then for a few weeks in a home nearby. They all learned to love dearly the gentle little woman whose heart seemed so strangely stirred and illuminated by the knowledge of Christ. Then she asked one of the nurses to write to Kim Su Won, telling him to come for her; for she was now quite well, and longed to go back and try again the



work which had always been so hard. Perhaps even yet she might not be able to please her mother in law, now that she was strong enough to do the work.

Kim Su Won came, and was delighted to see his wife looking so well and strong, and in such good spirits. They began the homeward trip. The wife could hardly wait until they were well started on the trip to tell her husband of her new found joy and peace as a believer.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "Isn't this good? I also have become a believer, and have received much blessing. I could hardly wait until I should see you to tell you about it, and urge you also to believe, and now you have already done so. How glad I am is impossible to express in words!"

"Do you know," said the woman, "It is almost time for His birthday. The believers all celebrate it. We also must do so. They said there is a church in the village three miles from us, and we could go there to worship. Mother will object, of course, but if we go together and endure it together it will not be so very bad."

Already she had unconsciously acquired some of the characteristics which the Gospel invariably develops in those who accept it in any land. She was going to be brave and face persecution, and she was going to claim her place as her husband's equal in deciding things bearing on family life.

The man assented earnestly, and for some time nothing was said on either side. Then the woman spoke again.

"Do you know, they gave us a verse out of the Bible which said that God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son. He gave his Son. His only Son, to save the world. Is not such love wonderful?"

"Yes," said her husband, "I've been thinking about that, too. Truly it is wonderful, wonderful, and how grateful we should be in return."

Again there was a long silence, while they tramped swiftly over the frozen earth. Finally the man spoke again.

"Now that we are believers, you should have a name. The Christian women all have names. When you are baptized, what would you like to be called?"

She looked up radiantly.

"Yes, I know. The nurses at the hospital all had names, and one of them never had a child, either. She was called Maruda, and one Madea and one Susanna. Might I be called Madea, like the mother of Jesus?"

"Yes, if you wish it. You shall be called Madea from this time forth, and may you be blessed even as she was."

Months had passed. Another autumn was on the wane, and as the nurses at the hospital went forward with their preparations for Christmas their thoughts turned to the little woman who had come to them a little over a year ago and gone away so wonderfully helped and so gripped by the Gospel story. One morning the head nurse came softly to the table where the American nurse was studying, and said with a glad note in her voice: "Do you remember, Lady, the woman called Kim Su Won's wife, who came to us last fall, and after an operation went home completely cured and believing in Christ?"

"Yes," said the nurse, "I well remember. Do you have news of her?"

"Very good news," replied the nurse exultantly, "they have a child now."

"Oh, beautiful," said the American nurse. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Well, really, it is not born yet. You know in our country a baby is counted as one of the family as soon as the parents know that there is to be one."

"But," began the other, dubiously, knowing the strong preference of the Korean family for a boy, "suppose it should be a girl; would they still be happy and treat it kindly?"

"Oh yes, answered the nurse, "for they are all Christians now. The old people also accepted Christ last summer, and they are a very happy, united family. She has written me all about it."

"She has written?" exclaimed the American nurse. "Why I didn't know she could write!"

"No, she could not when she was here, but she wished so much to learn that her husband taught her all winter, and now she both reads and writes quite well. The parents persecuted them a good deal through the winter, but were finally convinced of the truth of the doctrine by their courage and righteous lives. Then they also became believers, and now they have a child. Is it not a joyful work?"

"Truly, replied the American nurse, more to herself than to her little brown companion, "It is very joyful work!"

By Anna Riehl Thompson     Rushville.Illinois.

(This was printed October fifth, 1915. I was born November ninth, 1915. My parents returned from Korea on their Sabbatical year. When they were ready to be re-assigned, the world War one had started and the Methodist Board refused to send any missionaries into the field since the whole world was in such a disruptive condition)

From "The Korea Mission Field"  
September, 1914, Volume X, No. 9

A CONSTRUCTIVE RETROSPECT;  
SIX AND A HALF YEARS OF BUILDING WORK IN KOREA  
ANNA RIEHL THOMPSON

As we are about to start home on furlough it seems natural to take a little survey of the work which we have done along various lines during our stay in Korea. All four of the stations of our mission have one or more buildings of which Mr. Thompson was the architect, and here and there, widely scattered over the country, are men who have become skilled workmen and strong Christians thru their connection with the building work. Of both phases of our work I wish to speak more in detail.

At the time of my arrival in Korea, Mr. Thompson had been here for just one year, but I found him occupied in finishing up some residences which had been begun by another man who had to take up other work, and also beginning work on the dormitory for the Anglo-Korean School of which he was the architect. The winter which followed found us busily engaged in studying the language, and drawing the plans for Holston Institute, our Songdo Girls' School building. We took our examination together the first day of April, and spent the summer in superintending the construction of the two buildings for the boys' and girls' schools.

I say superintended them, because I have always taken my evening walks to the buildings on which my husband was working, and have climbed about with him to note the interesting points in progress of construction, until the Chinamen and Koreans who were at work must certainly have considered me at least one of the bosses of the job, if not the chief. That same year we built the Chong Chin church in Seoul, but as I did not see it being built, it does not seem quite so much ours as most of the other buildings for which we made the plans.

The following spring we went to Wonsan, to "build up" that station. There were three of us now, and our small son soon showed an active interest in the work. We expected to be at Wonsan only one season, having prepared the plans for the buildings the winter preceding; but the Chinese contractor proved unreliable, and eventually Mr. Thompson had to take the work out of his hands and finish it up as best he could. Our stay lengthened itself into more than two years, with a short interval spent at Songdo, Seoul and Pyengyang during the coldest part of winter. While there, we built three residences, a hospital, a day school, and the Lucy Cunninggim Girls' School, besides repairing two residences. At the same time Ivy Hospital ward and a residence were being built in Songdo according to plans which Mr. Thompson had drawn, and a residence in Choon Chun was being finished under his direction. Those plans for the ward at Ivy Hospital were drawn while we were waiting two days for a boat at Fusan, in a little Japanese hotel where we sat on the floor and worked at a low table.

Such times as we did have there at Wonsan after the contractor lost control of things! He had made his estimates too low, and at last ran out of funds; with not one of the buildings anywhere near completion. The workmen refused to work until they received all that was due them, and for a while we had a young riot every day. Finally a satisfactory basis for settlement was arrived at and the work went ahead, but it was like working on a dormant



volcano, -- at any moment things might burst out again. One time when my husband came home after nine o'clock at night and had not yet had his supper, suddenly there was a yelling in the yard and the former contractor was running toward the house crying that they were going to kill him because he had overlooked some of the men in making settlement. We heard blows and tearing garments, and Mr. Thompson took the lamp and went out into the midst of it. Fortunately for the old contractor, he had had his pig-tail cut only a few days before, else he wouldn't have come off so easy. As it was Mr. Thompson soon persuaded them that it would be foolish to kill him, since they would then be even more unlikely to get the money and would have to pay the funeral expenses into the bargain. Once or twice the Chinamen attacked the architect himself; and once the native church got into a row because their workmen were not being given constant employment and in the meeting which was held for purposes of conciliation one of the church officers caught Mr. Thompson and pulled him over the seats. But the trouble was always short-lived. My husband would always be able to jolly them back into good humor. A few days after the trouble at the church, this same church officer just mentioned, asked his pardon, and others followed. Even so, however, I am glad those experiences are safely behind us.

Mr. Thompson has always had a great inclination to train the Koreans-in building work, even tho it involved much extra work for him to teach the natives how to do things rather than to get the work done by the Chinamen who already knew how, by having had two generations of contact with missions before the gospel came to Korea. We had come to Korea to teach industrial work, and were not willing to be side-tracked; so, taking advantage of the disadvantage which had shunted us off into the building work, we began teaching the natives carpentering and allied trades. Then, while at Wonsan, we built two buildings entirely with Koreans. One, a day school building, was built by contract, by a man who had already had some experience and was a good job, and quite as cheap as Chinamen could have done it: the other was a residence; put up, stone work and all, by men who had never done such work before. We had a number of our best workmen from Songdo come over and lead in the work, and it was jealousy of these more skilled workmen which caused a large part of the trouble in the local church above referred to.

The most beautiful Korean character I have known is Yi Ung Yedi, whom we had as helper while in Wonsan. "Stedfast" is the word which best describes his quiet, faithful life amid all the trials which we went thru in the work there. The men who came over from Songdo to take part in the work were not all strong Christians, in fact some of them had never made any profession and were a pretty bad sort, but Ung Yedi kept peace and order in the dormitory where he staid among them just by his own spotless life as an example. Some of the men testified that he would get up long before day-light to go out on the hills to pray. We left Wonsan with the understanding that Ung Yedi was to visit his home and come to us at Songdo to take up the same kind of office work. He came, walking that long distance (one hundred and eighty miles) in the heat of June, only to tell us that his home community needed him so much that he had decided to stay at home and try to work up the silk industry and build up the local church. He had come all that way to tell us that there was a shortage of a few dollars in his accounts, and offered to make it good. Fortunately there were entries on our books which showed how the money had been spent, so we sent him back to his people with a happy heart.

We have since heard that he is accomplishing what he had hoped, -- has organized a silk raising company, and is a strong leader in the church.

Yi Wom Gu is the man who built the day school in Wonsan by contract, and did so well at it that we sent for him to come to Songdo this summer. He first took the contract for carpenter work on one of the residences, and later contracted for the carpenter work on the church, then contracted for a whole house, stone-work and all. These contracts he faithfully carried thru, taking such pride in good work that it was only necessary to point out how a thing ought to be done to have it done that way without any rowing even if it cost more. He is the kind of a man you can respect thru and thru and be proud of his friendship. So we were made very happy at Christmas time when he and the other men who had contracted with him for the work came with a token of their friendship and good will, -- a fork and spoon made of Korean silver, the same kind for each of us only that mine is a trifle the smaller.

Song Gyung Su has been our right hand man in the home ever since we first went to Wonsan. He has been cook, outside man, nurse or anything else that was required without ever complaining that the work was too much or that he didn't like it. I often think of Joseph, who had "all his master's goods under his hand." I have never locked up any of the stores, and have never missed a thing since this man was in charge. I have often heard missionaries say that one must not trust the servants and helpers, "You must act as tho you did, but watch them all the time." I don't believe that is either good psychology or good Christian practice, and am happy to say that my experience in following out the more trustful policy has never met with disappointment. When we leave Korea Songsabang will start a bakery on the strength of his experiences as cook, and I hope he will meet with the success that he deserves.

Another accomplishment this season was the perfecting of our "Korea Mission Tile," and getting it on an independent and self-supporting basis. During our stay at Wonsan the idea of roofing the buildings with real Korean tile made after an improved design began to appeal strongly to us, and in spite of many discouragements the project was finally carried thru. The tile is so designed that each of the lower ones is fastened with a lug to strips of board underneath, so they cannot slip or blow off. We had a time making the Koreans believe that they could make them, but

after they got the idea it went well enough. All but one of the buildings we put up at Wonsan were roofed with these tiles, and in spite of the fact that it was impossible to give them a glaze because of the variety of clay used, they have proved fairly satisfactory. Further experimenting at Songdo, proved that with a certain 'Clay obtainable here an excellent glaze could be produced, and as a result the Industrial Building and small dormitory for the Anglo Korean School, the church, and three residences in Songdo, and the Su Pyo church and the new Ladies' Home in Seoul are all covered with Korea Mission Tile. The natives were so well pleased with the outlook that one of Songdo's wealthy men undertook to finance the industry if our head office helper would manage it. So the business is firmly established, and the tiles can be shipped from the plant near Songdo to any point on the railroad. We feel that this is one kind of industrial teaching which we have done in Korea which has been eminently worth while.



Now, having told about that part of our work which is plainly visible to the ordinary observer, I wish to tell something of the lives we have touched in the course of this work. It has been a great joy to us to watch the development of character in the various men with whom we were dealing, and the friendship of some of them has meant much to us in the many problems which we have had to solve. Anybody who has ever tried it knows how hard it is to carry out Christian principles in business relations with people in

the darkness of-heathenism or just learning the first truths of Christianity. Yet by prayerful persistence in effort, we have taught a few persons, both Chinese and Koreans, the true significance of a contract, and have gotten a good deal of satisfaction out of the results. A number of the workmen have become Christians while with us, and have continued faithful members of the church.

Of the Chinese workmen a number have continued with us thru all of our building work. At the time of the trouble in Wonsan we got rid of all that were not really skillful workmen, and the rest staid on with us and finished up the work. More than a dozen of the same men were with us this season. There were two rival contractors, each with his own crew, who did the stone work on two of the residences, and never in our experience was work done more expeditiously or cheaply. One of the two then took the contract for the stone - work of the church, and at the last when funds ran short his crew did a lot of plastering gratis as a gift toward the completion of the building. The two contractors still felt a little jealous of each other even to the end, but both brot their men out to a little social which we gave them in our home when the work was done, and both attended the dedication of the church. Each came to tell us good-bye, tho at different times, and both of them have "a mind to believe." The old Chinese contractor who went bankrupt in Wonsan was an interesting character. He used to say that he was losing money on the buildings, but if he only had enough jobs he would come out all right. He had become a faithful Christian, and learned the Korean alphabet so that he could read the Bible and song book because he was too old to learn the Chinese characters.

Among our Korean friends some who stand out are Kim Ung Bai, Kim Yung Sik, Yi Ung Yedi, Yi Won Gu and Song Kyung Su. Kim Ung Bai was our first "outside man." I well remember the time, after I had been on the field about three months, my husband decided it was now time for me to give the man his orders, and I obediently set out to direct Kimsabang about the day's purchases; however I got discouraged before half way thru and fled up-stairs in tears, only to be routed out soon by my persistent husband and made to finish the job. In passing I may remark that owing to such firmness in the beginning I have passed three years of language work, and wade right into any kind of "yaggie" now without much hesitation. Kim soon left us to go into the building work, and made good. While we were in Wonsan he had the job part of the time of making concrete drain tile, and later he was handy man in the putting in of the heating plant at the Girls' School and the Hospital. Then, after the installation of the beating plant at Holston Institute he was made fireman there, which job he still holds acceptably.

Kim Yung Sik was our teacher that first year, and has been our office helper ever since with the exception of one year when he was not in our employ. On our return from Wonsan, he having left us about a year before, we found him drawing plans, making



estimates, and taking contracts on his own responsibility for the Koreans who had developed a taste for foreign buildings. In one instance he had a disagreement with the man for whom he was building over the question of Sunday work, and his employer finished up the job without him; but it was not long before the building was about to fall down, and then Kim was begged to come back and remedy the trouble even if he didn't work on the Lord's day. This summer he became manager of the tile plant in the country, one of the Koreans for whom he was building a foreign residence having such confidence in him that he proposed to finance the plant if Kim would run it. This fall he was in charge of the construction work on Su Pyo church in Seoul, and the Korean contractor was so pleased with his ability that he has taken him into partnership. This means large opportunities for Kim Yung Sik, as both these men are very wealthy, and can finance any business which his ability can originate and manage.

The work on the building was well done, and we were highly pleased with the progress of the workmen. Most of them are still connected with the building work in one way or another, and of some of them I shall write more in detail later on.

We returned to Songdo in the spring of 1912, and that summer Mr. Thompson superintended the work on the Industrial Building for the Anglo Korean School putting in of the heating plant at Holston Institute, alteration of one residence, and digging of two deep wells for the compound. In the fall we began on the plans for this season's work, as soon as Mr. Thompson returned from Choon Chun, where he had gone to superintend the remodelling of the dispensary.

The season just closed has been the fullest of accomplishment of any so far. Having spent the whole winter in the preparation of plans for the various buildings which were authorized, we were ready to launch at once into activity as soon as the Board accepted the plans and gave the word to go ahead. We had picked out only the best workmen among both Chinamen and Koreans, men who really took pride in doing good work; and we had some good office helpers, one of whom had been with us from the time I first came to Korea.

Two day schools, a small dormitory for the Anglo Korean School, four residences and a church for Songdo; and a residence and a church in Seoul, are the product of this season's work.

North Ward Church in Songdo was dedicated Dec. 21, with 1361 present in the congregation, and was crowded all thru Christmas week in the various entertainments held -- (about two thousand present Christmas night). Su Pvo church in Seoul was dedicated Jan. 25. A union service in Songdo at present just fills the church snugly. The women sit in the balcony, and the men below; and all seem to like the arrangement. We are pleased also with the way our plan for a standard \$2,500 missionary residence has worked out. We built three residences from the same plan in Songdo this year, and they are more or less well approved by everybody in the mission, especially by the ones who are living in them. One house is still unoccupied, the other two are being used by Dr. Reid and Mr. Deal. In both cases the occupants are enthusiastic about the comfort, convenience and warmth of the compactly built houses.

We kept exact figures on all of our buildings this year, and were our own contractors on nearly all the jobs in Songdo. Naturally, this involved a fearful amount of book-keeping, and we had to do this ourselves; that is, we did it voluntarily ourselves because we wished to know just what each item cost.

How many barrels of cement, how many feet of lumber, how many pounds of nails, went into each building; the cost of each kind of material,, and the cost of the various kinds of labor, all appear in the records we have kept. We feel that this information alone is worth all the hard work we have put in on our books. Then too, some of the buildings overran the appropriation, some of them considerably; and with the data obtained for the first buildings completed, we were able to keep the later ones within bounds.

It does not seem right to close this article without speaking of one example of Christian earnestness which impressed us much at the time and of which we have often thot since. One of the men who was working at the tile plant was making a profession of believing, but had so often fallen into temptation that he finally made up his mind to take some step which would testify that he had once for all broken with the old life. Accordingly he cut off the little finger of his left hand as a sign, and so far as I know has lived a consistent life ever since.

These examples of Christian earnestness, faithfulness and zeal, have made us thankful for the years spent in Korea. We look with satisfaction on the buildings which are the product of six years' work, in which our mission is now carrying on its varied activities, and are glad that it has been our privilege to build them; but it is with deeper joy and richer satisfaction that we contemplate the Korean lives which have been helped in connection with this work, and realize the blessing which we ourselves have received thru fellowship with our Korean brothers.

Then, too, our faith reaches forward into the coming years, and rejoices over all the lives which will be influenced for Christ in churches, hospitals, schools and homes, for buildings both in the process of construction and in their ministry afterwards, have an important place in the missionary enterprise.

Anna Riehl Thompson



## RUSHVILLE LETTERS

The heading: J. Arthur Thompson  
County Surveyor Schuyler County  
Licensed Architect  
Rushville, Illinois  
Gladacres, July 7th 1919

Dear little Erwin, (This was the summer before I was three years old.)

Since you had to wait so long for a letter from your Mama, you shall have a letter of your very own this time. I should like very much to see you and all the Aunties and Grandpa this Sunday afternoon.

(She is referring to the annual Thompson picnic, held the Sunday in July nearest to Grandpa Thompson's birthday)

We have had a fine rain and it is still wet and gloomy, so the children cannot play outdoors. Little Sister is crawling from one room to another calling "Da?" She hasn't any new teeth yet, but soon will have, and hasn't used her bottles for about a month. She loves rice, rolled oats, and bread and milk. She can pull up on things and walk about a little holding on, now.

I have just been out to the orchard, but there are very few apples on the trees. I have been watching them to get some fruit to cook, but none are ready yet. We have no fruit but cherries left in the cellar now. The garden stuff is growing fine since the rains. Eleanor loves to clean the beets. The peas are gone, now, but we have lovely wax beans. I have been spending much time weeding and staking up the tomatoes and am not done yet. We must take good care of them so that there will be lots to eat fresh and can. That is one vegetable that Eleanor will always eat. She has not been at all strong this spring. The medicine I gave her kept her from having one of her bad sick spells, but she is always tired, has headaches and will not eat anything but bread and butter, potatoes, eggs and meat and mush.

We measured the children again today, and Willard and Eleanor have both grown over an inch and a half in six months. It takes lots of things to eat and grow big on, you know. One of the bad black cows got into the garden one night and ate up nearly all of the sweet corn Mama had worked so hard to plant and hoe. But she gives so much nice milk that we had to forgive her. My cucumber vines have nice little "pickles" on, so I must begin cutting them and putting away in salt water.. All the children like them both raw and pickled, so I am so glad we are going to have some. We have used some of the new potatoes, but there are not going to be as many as we had hoped.

One day last week when Papa was plowing a new field for corn he found a little rabbit about as big as your little velvet kittie and caught it in his hat. We put it in a box, and before long he brot up another, and then when I was out watching him we got another, and just before dark he came in with "one for Baby Alice." They didn't like the box very well, and jumped and scrambled all night, and every night some of them would get out and one got clear away so Papa made a fine box on the Fourth, with a screen front and a slat out of the bottom so they can eat the fresh grass as their cage sits on the ground. We move the box twice a day, and it is always eaten clean and slick. The little bunnies are not much afraid anymore, and look so cute standing on their hind legs looking out. Old Snowball can't understand why he can't get them when he can see them so plainly, and lies near the cage watching them.



From both of my parents, J. Arthur Thompson, Anna Riehl  
Thompson to E. A. Riehl, Godfrey, Illinois October 20, 1922  
Heading of the letterhead:  
J. Arthur Thompson  
Inventor, patentee and producer.  
Golden Rule Garage Goods  
Office and warehouse Rushville, Illinois

Dear Father Riehl,

Your letter of October 13 with check enclosed was a "lucky" day for us; the date to the contrary notwithstanding. We deposited the check October 18, allowing a little time for the additional deposit to have arrived at the bank.

We appreciate the gift --- and especially at this time. It shows that you have confidence in us, in our enterprise and in our ability to appreciate your consideration. Your making it an outright gift was a complete surprise. Your thoughtfulness in doing so at this time is very deeply felt.

Being relieved from immediate financial care has enabled us to stay on the job and complete some long deferred work on the home here. Work that will mean much to our comfort and happiness while "putting over" our line of Gladacre tools. We have a hot water heating plant, second hand but good, just installed and we have patched the plastering and are beginning to paper today several of the rooms. Have put some new doors and partitions and are beginning to feel established.

We are exceedingly glad to hear of your recovery to the extent of being able to go to town in the truck. We hope you will be able to pay us a visit some of these days again when we get all fixed up for company.

I am expecting to get a settlement out of the Champaign property soon, now, and that will put us where we will be over the top, thanks to your gift. We are busy and happy these fine fall days, and with the financial anxiety removed for the present we will soon be in shape to push the sale of our goods where business is picking up.

With the deepest of filial respect and love,

We are your own

Annie

Arthur

The following are excerpts from letters written by my mother, Anna Riehl Thompson to her sisters, at Evergreen Heights.  
March 22, 1925

I don't suppose the tornado hit as far north as you are. We had only a quiet, heavy rain all day. It soaked the ground so that the water came up in our basement again, several inches deep.

Arthur laid a pathway of building tiles to the furnace, so we can still get back to fire up, but the cobs and coal are soaked. We have not put in any garden out of doors yet, but have a box of lusty Henry Field tomato plants at the kitchen window.

We are going to start a lot more this week, so as to have some to sell; and probably plant one of the big gardens. The hens are laying well, about thirty eggs every day. We sold about fifteen dozen last week, but we are having to buy milk! We must soon quit milking Cherry altogether. We killed a terribly fat hen last week, and enjoyed her immensely. Our church is to have a dinner and bazaar Wednesday, and I have promised a baked hen.

The children are keeping well. Willard goes to the woods every Sunday afternoon. Ralph and some of the other high school boys are organizing a radio club. They come out here a good deal. He has a shop of his own now on the top floor of the big shop. Today he finished a motor out of an old generator. It runs by electricity just fine, works a lathe, drill, etc. All three of the older children went Friday night to the Inter-society debate and declamation contest at the High School. Ralph's society won the contest, and the other society won the debate.

Arthur has had several jobs as architect, the last is for an addition to the high school at Camden, twelve miles north-west.

The men were here yesterday, and were much pleased with the plans. It will probably bring in a couple of hundred dollars which will help out with interest and taxes. A few orders are coming in for tools. Things will probably liven up pretty fast along that line.

To Erwin, July 12, 1925

Alice has written you a letter, and paid for the stamp herself, with money she earned yesterday selling apples. She and Willard went out with apples and cabbage both in the morning and afternoon, and sold almost all they had. On Friday she and Eleanor went with me to the Missionary meeting, and Eleanor sang a song with another little girl. Eleanor is getting to be a regular little woman. Friday morning she took a notion that she would do the washing so she put the clothes in the tub and had them all washed clean before dinner time. Then together we ironed them before bedtime. She didn't do quite all that were needed, so I had to do some more Saturday morning, but it was a great help.

Ralph has been away all week on vacation, and we expect him back tonight. Willard has had lots of work hoeing gardens while he was gone. We had our first cucumbers yesterday, but there are not many yet. I suppose because the weather has been too hot for them to "Set on." We had our first new potatoes with new peas a couple of days ago. I was mighty glad to welcome them!

Alice is hoping mighty hard that she can get that vacation at the Aunties this summer. She may be down real soon.

To her sisters at Evergreen Heights December 14, 1925

"I have been thinking every day of you, wishing I could write

you a nice long letter. Now Arthur has the radio turned on, and is listening. I have done some business correspondence, and am going to try to finish this letter to you. How I wish you could be hearing the radio with us, that is, that you could have it there at home to entertain you these long winter evenings. I can't take time to listen, except when I have mending to do. Arthur just got New Orleans! An orchestra piece representing a Mississippi steam boat. This is the first time we got New Orleans.

Ralph ordered a bunch of new parts, and a new "B" battery, which just arrived this evening. He attached it, and left for his session of the debating club at school, when he gets home he will be tickled silly to learn we got a new station already, and will be begging to stay up to see if he can get San Francisco.

Ralph's new suit, which he bought with part of his money came Saturday night, in time for him to wear it to church next day. He surely was a glad boy, and it is so becoming to him. It is brown, with a very subdued red stripe, and has two pair of pants, all for less than nineteen dollars!

I was very much pleased when Arthur and Ralph told us that Erwin is going to the country school now. --- I think it will be good for him to get a little more ruggedness.

The little girls are making their Christmas Dresses In these long evenings, it is hard to get them to bed.

Our hens are laying fine for once in winter. Got ten eggs today, but they are down to forty cents since Saturday. Who ever heard the like, just before Christmas!"

To "Judie", March 8. 1926

"I have been so beastly sick I couldn't do a thing but crawl around enough to get the children a little something to eat. There were so many things I had planned to do while Arthur and Ralph were away. Some are done, a lot are not, because I had to go and get sick!

Frances made Alice a lovely little dress out of a pair of very full bloomers that one of my friends gave me for that purpose. She also made a real nice spring coat for her out of that blue serge coat that you sent. Frances sews wonderfully well, but she is so popular that she has work engaged way ahead.

Arthur and Ralph are now on the homeward trip, if the plans outlined in their last letter went thru. They hoped to spend Sunday with Aunt Lena. They had a wonderful time in Detroit, visiting all the garages where Arthur had sold tools when he was there before, and meeting with a warm reception everywhere. The new wrench-sold like hot cakes, sometimes three and four at one shop. They are sold out now, and are coming home to get busy and make a lot more. They were shown thru Fords two plants, and demonstrated the tools at the Ford Trade School. They also went thru the Ford Motor Company plant at Windsor Canada. Henry Ford himself was away on an Atlantic cruise; but Arthur was planning to see some other key men before leaving.

Willard gets along well with the milking, and is learning to fire the furnace. He and Eleanor are both having a good deal of home lessons to get, but it doesn't seem to bother them usually. Willard gained two pounds last month, and is as tall as I am now. He swings the axe right lustily splitting the load of wood I bought last week. There will have to be a load of coal tomorrow. We are lucky to live near the coal bank, and to be able to use the fine coal in our furnace. Arthur hauled all the coal we used this winter in both shop and house, and it cost us only \$11.17!!



We get about two dozen eggs a day now. But the feed has cost so much and eggs have been so low that I am clean disgusted with keeping chickens for any money there is in it for us. The cows have been a disappointment too, but that was because we had no hay, nothing leguminous, and have had to buy bran for them.

The cold spell served us a mighty mean trick. It froze our light plant batteries, so that two of the jars broke. We don't know how badly the other jars are damaged. It wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been so sick, for I should have kept the engine running, or else built a fire in the stove.

A telephone message says the coal is on its way, so I'll close and get ready.

To Em, March-22, 1926

"Alice is worried a-good deal about Uncle George's cut foot. She said: "He was awful good to me when I was down there last summer." (Uncle George had cut his foot when his axe glanced off of a dead limb he was chopping. He was an excellent woodsman, but he was laid up quite awhile with that injury. Dead chestnut is some of the hardest wood to chop, and it is very easy for an axe to strike a glancing lick, and not "bite" into the wood. (EAT)) The prospects for spring gardening seem indefinitely in the future. It is raining again today. We saw our first robin only a few days ago. Our grass is getting a bit green now, and the rhubarb is peeping pinkly up. Friday I dug a big stack of horseradish, and sold some Saturday.

Only two weeks 'till Easter. Alice is to be taken into the church Easter morning, with a whole bunch of other little children who have been under instruction all winter. Frances made her a lovely little dress out of a cape Katie sent us once. It is brown broadcloth, and golden brown sateen, and the colors are wonderfully becoming. I am ordering some oxfords for her, and voile for a dress for Eleanor from Sears-Roebuck. My own Easter garments are as yet unprovided for. I have the goods for a nice blouse, to go with that gray suit of Nell's. and Mrs. Trimble has promised to give me some time this week if I can get in to be fitted. I don't believe I have ever had a new Easter dud other than a hat since my marriage. Now that my family is about grown up and I am getting to be somebody, I have to look a little out for such things. You don't know how proud I feel, sitting in church' among my big boys. Willard has not missed a Sunday staying to morning service since the first of last April, Ralph has been going for two years, and goes also to evening service,

You just can't imagine how Ralph is coming out since he has gotten right into the work here in the factory. I always knew he was a mechanical genius, but he surprises us anew nearly every day. Last week he and Arthur working at top speed made a hundred of the new wrenches from start to finish. Two of the days were spent making dies and other fixtures to hasten the work. This morning Arthur started early to Quincy with those wrenches and a batch of stuff to be hardened. He also expected to make quite a few sales while there and on the way home as he has never been in Quincy to sell the tools. There is a freight truck running between here and Quincy every day, so if he is successful in locating a plating and hardening plant over there it will help us hasten our finishing work a whole lot. As it is now; we have to send the unfinished parts away to Chicago, Springfield, or Peoria to get this work done. This makes too much delay when there are a lot of orders wafting to be filled.

As soon as Arthur gets back, there will be a bunch of

packages to be sent out. We just got in the quotation this morning from a firm in St. Louis that makes the cardboard boxes such as we need to pack the new wrench in. It takes a big chunk of money all at once to order a thousand boxes, but the tools look so much better, and are so much easier to pack -- ! Then we have a bunch of orders already for the new tray to go with this wrench, and could sell piles of them if we had them ready.

We are just overwhelmed with the bigness of the opportunity, and the limitations of our capital. It just keeps me on the anxious seat all the time as treasurer to get the most urgent bills paid; but the tide is turning now, and the uplift of it gives one a grand and glorious feeling after the bearing of the burdens and the disappointments of the past.

We have arranged with some friends who live on a small farm just south of town to put in our crops this season. There will be oats in the big field, with timothy and clover for fall feed, corn in the present pasture, and sudan in the small field. The cows will have to live in the orchard until the Sudan is big enough for feed. It will make us short of corn, but we can probably trade advantageously for some of that in the fall.

There are many farmers who want tools, but do not feel that they can spare the cash, who would be glad to trade both. The oats will be cut and bound in the sheaf for winter feed for chickens and cows.

Willard is doing fine as a milk maid, and the cows are doing better too since we turned them into the cornfield to help themselves to all they could eat of the stalk fodder and the grass around the edges. We get about two dozen eggs a day but the Minorcas are putting it all over the barred rocks. I sold off eight of the fattest of the latter last week while we could get 26 cents a pound for them, and also our three Rock roosters. Now I still have about forty Rock hens, and only eighteen Norcs, but we get about a dozen eggs of each kind each day, Some days even more of the Minorca. So I am going to breed the latter from now on, unless the Rocks get a mighty wiggle on by summertime! Tell Erwin that Alice is already planning in a big way to visit him again next summer. She remembers that her fare was about a dollar and a half from Springfield, so she was figuring earnestly how she could earn that much money of her

own if her papa would take her as far as Springfield. Then she said she knew she could earn money at the Aunties to pay her way back, because there was so much to do there. The neighbors paid her a quarter the other day for helping them deliver milk. She came in shouting: "Oh, see! I've got twenty-five cents already toward my Auntie trip!" She banked it swiftly in her private drawer. It is simply wonderful how much she enjoyed her stay, and she talks about it so much that it gets on Eleanor's nerves, Eleanor enjoyed her visits with Aunt Katie and the Browns so much that she wants to repeat them this summer. Willard says it is his turn to have a vacation and I guess it is. Alice is sa much like me when I was little. I suppose that is why (going to) "The Aunties" has such a fascination for her. On occasion she is just as naughty as I was too. She whisks me back every once in awhile about thirty-five years!

Yesterday for dinner we ate the jar of Gridley sweet cherries we had been saving since the batch of fruit you all sent us a year ago this fall. I had been keeping it for some special occasion when there was some nice company, but we were so nearly out of fruit that I decided to celebrate getting a hundred new wrenches completed inside a week. Now there are only a very few quarts of



pears and about four quarts of other stuff in the way of fruit. I have been cooking raisins with slices of lemon, thickened with corn starch and making a good bit of jelly, using "Joy-jell" the pectin powder. Then I made two or three lots of pumpkin marmalade, using up all the stored pumpkins that we had, and one quart of canned squash. It was just mighty good, too, and I'm going to use the rest of the canned squash the same way.

Here is one Willard got off yesterday morning as a parody on their arithmetic problems: "There were six eggs in a nest. A skunk came in and took two of them, and left a hundred scents to pay for them. Figure out the value of the eggs that were left."

It has just struck four, so I am due to feed the hens, and start up the fire.

With love to all, your busy Annie

To "Judie", May 27, 1926

We were mighty glad to get your nice letter a few days ago, and then Erwin's, and yesterday the bunch of second - hands. We finally got the rain last night that we have been needing so distressingly, and it was such a real soaker that it is still too wet to work in the garden, so I am taking part of the afternoon to write to you. I suppose the very warm weather the last few days hustled your peonies out quickly, so that you are more than busy getting them cut, and that they will get in for the Decoration Day market after all. Ours are just beginning to show the color of the buds. I have five of the eight Papa sent me.

The pretty flags suffered from the heat and drought. We carried water for them some, but there were too many vegetable plants to try to keep alive to be able to water the flags often. I have only one new kind so far this year, a very dark blue. Most of mine are the delicate light blue with dark veining in the falls. Last year a few of the early dark purple ones showed up for the first time, and this year there are a number of those. It looks as tho some of the other colors have changed into that purple kind, for I never had any before, and did not plant any new ~~row~~ ~~whist~~ ~~thones~~ so much, and the very pale blue ones of which we used to have so many. Yes, we'd like so much to have some of the gladiolus bulbs. They would still make us some blooms this season. The only seed that came up was marigold, and there is a good stand of those, Lots of even the vegetable seed did not come, but it may come yet after this rain. The Van Fleet rose and the Dorothy Perkins are growing nicely, and my two climbers at the front window, for which Jessie sent me the money for an Easter present a couple of years ago, are clear to the top of the window and should be covered with blossoms this year.

This was the day for the school picnic. We did not think they would have it because of the rain, but when the children got to school they decided to go ahead, so Eleanor got the things at the grocery and came home with them. We made ready their lunch, with the chicken I had cooked yesterday, and she went on out to the park.

Arthur is in Beardstown for the day, getting some material and selling. I Persuaded Ralph to go out to the park for his dinner too. He is so devoted to the shop work, it is hard to get him to knock off for anything. It is after four o'clock now and still the children are not home, so they must be having a pretty good time with the program pretty much as planned.

They go back tomorrow for their report cards, and then that is the last of school for this season. Willard and Alice started back to school on Wednesday of last week, after their "measely"



quarantine, and the very next day Alice broke out slightly. She did not have much of a rash at any time, and was not sick enough to go to bed. Willard did not take it at all, and got along fine making up his school-work. In fact I think he got on better than if he had been in school the whole time. He is getting to take some feeling of responsibility, and to be a real helper. He is our messenger boy to the bank and post office now, riding on the bike. He milks, and fixes the fences. It is going to be a job to keep the cows within bounds this summer, with our rotten fences. We have had them in the orchard, but now the grass is eaten clean, and the oats field just beyond looks too luscious to forego. The sudan grass - sowed two weeks ago has not even come up yet. I expected to be able to turn the cows into that before the first of July.

Last night was Commencement of the high school here. The service was to be in our church. Raymond is graduating. We expected to go, and had an early supper, but just as we were finishing the fearful rain came, a regular cloudburst, so we did not attempt it. There were seventy-two in the graduating class.

For two weeks while it was so dry the work on the hard road beyond our place progressed very fast, and last Saturday evening they finished the run. It seems quietness itself now, with no noisy trucks whizzing by. Even the mail carrier has to go around the other way for a month. He makes a special trip in the evening for the folks along the road out to the gap and then turns back again. Sometimes we have the children get the mail at noon for us. It makes the days seem upside down not to have the mail getting in always about nine-thirty.

Erwin said in his letter that you folks were thinking of driving up in June. It would be a lovely trip if you struck a cool day. We keep thinking we might run down for a very short visit early in June. Arthur wants to go to St. Louis to sell, I think he will probably be going down that way within the next two weeks.

Tell Erwin the puppies are two months old today. We still have three of them, but I wish we didn't. Their mother is lovely and not a bit of bother, but the pups are a dreadful nuisance, altho so very cute. Eleanor and Alice took the nest with Goldie and the five kittens to the grain elevator on the way to school. They told the men they could keep the kittens but we wanted Goldie back when the kits were big. In the afternoon when the girls stopped in to see how the family was getting along, the manager gave them each a nickel to buy an ice cream cone. I told them I thot Goldie would be coming back at least to visit every once in awhile, and sure enough she was on the back porch this morning.

The storm beat off lots of the little green cherries, when there wasn't going to be a big crop anyway. All of our little peach trees have a few peaches set. I am so anxious for a real fruit crop! Even the rhubarb hardly grows enough for us to get what we want to eat, let alone having any to sell this year. The tools are selling fine now. Whenever Arthur can be away he makes good sales, and our post-card mailings bring in the orders for the new set of tools. Ralph gets along all by himself, running the machinery alone, but I would feel better and we could get so much more work done if he had a companion. We have arranged to have another man at least part time. He is one of our stock-holders, a good worker who has taken a lively interest in the business from the start. We are on the upgrade at last, and altho it is still mighty stiff going, I feel like life is really living after the years of illness and anxiety.

To see the children growing up so fine, good, and useful, after the long years of anxiety and care, makes a mother feel that the harvest of the years is good, even if the balance is still on the wrong side of the ledger as far as money is concerned.

The girls just got home. They said it was cold out there. Willard is not here yet. and when he comes I'll have him mail this so you will met it Saturday. Maybe you can send the bulbs the same day so we can plant them while the ground is wet. If you have any iris bulbs that are small or plants that you know are light- colored, please put some of those in. While it is wet and cool they would grow right now. I suppose you are just awfully busy packing flowers, but if it should happen that you are not, I'd love to have any little petunia or other baby plants that you could find.

I'll close for now, hoping you are all feeling good and getting along fine these busy times.

With love to you all,

Annie

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June 6, 1926

Dear Judie,

Just before waking up this morning I dreamed about being at home with you, and the thot of all of you has been with me all day. I have tried to get time to write to you again ever since receiving your second letter this week.

Arthur says that probably the main trouble with the drainage is that the tile line was not carried far enough away from the house. He suggests that the tile line be extended on out, laying the tiles loose at the joints so that there will be a good deal of seepage at the joints, and thus the smell will be lost in the soil. Of course it maybe that the odor comes from the cess-pool, and then the remedy would be different, but the other seems most likely explanation. He will be down that way before long, but if the nuisance is as bad as your letter would indicate you will be wanting to do something right away, and laying the tile line on out will be the first move and not very difficult or expensive.

Too bad the peonies opened so near all at once. I was afraid they would. Ours are at their finest now. I have a dark pink, a pale pink, and a white one in bloom of those Papa sent me.

My flags have been grand. A few of those I traded for last year have bloomed. Two of them were a simply exquisite rich maroon, with old rose standards. Do you have any like that?

We have been working like bees in our gardens, to keep down the weeds and plant all the bare spots. Willard is getting to be real good at it. I suppose you are eating peas by this time. I saw two blossoms on ours today. We gathered a nice double handful of asparagus this afternoon for dinner tomorrow. We had gone out to see how the fields are getting along and I picked it on the way.

Our one early cherry tree is getting interesting The fruit is not as thick as might be, but there is more than last year i think. They are beginning to turn already. Our strawberry patch is almost nothing but weeds.

Arthur and Ralph are working early and late in the shop. The big engine broke the crankshaft this week, so they got another one in shape to have in reserve. They are going to have to keep at things pretty steadily all summer; working in the shop to make up a batch of tools, then getting out to sell them. We got a fine letter from the Ford Motor Company of Canada, saying they were going to recommend our two catch trays in their "service bulletin"



next month.

I suppose you got the copy of the Pike County Times I sent last week. Arthur just blew into Pittsfield on a selling trip, met an old school-mate who is teaching agriculture in the schools there and was invited to take the place of Doctor Colby who was to have given the speech of the evening but couldn't come.

A representative of the Quincy paper was here a week ago, wanting our "story" but we haven't seen anything in print yet.

These are such glorious days. I know your garden must be wonderful. Ralph and I went to the Epworth League picnic at Scripps Park Friday evening and I enjoyed the drive thru town, seeing the lovely green lawns and fine flowers and shrubs. You know it is where we went to see the Jersey cows that night. It surely looks mighty different now.

Eleanor wants to have a little birthday party Tuesday, a day early this year. The graduating exercises for the eighth grade pupils take place on Wednesday and Willard is in that of course. Also Rosell, and Clarence's twins.

It is nearly ten, so I'll stir up my yeast and go to bed, so as to be able to "chase the work" hard tomorrow.

Love to you all,  
Annie

August 11, 1929

Dear Folks,

It's been frightfully long since I've written you a letter, in fact I think not since we went down to see you the last time. Every Sunday I have intended to get a letter off, but we have been going out to the woods whenever the weather permitted Sunday afternoons, and usually got home too late to do much but do the chores and get to bed.

Not having heard from you folks either except for Erwin's short letter, I do not know what is the news about Allie? Is she coming, and if so, when? We'd like to get down there again some time this month, and of course if she is coming we'd want to put off our visit until she was there, altho I suppose she will plan to come up here too, later.

We all enjoyed Erwin's visit, and I think he did too. The time was too short to do many of the things they wanted to get done. The rains interfered some. I was glad he got to have the day down on the farm with his cousins in the wheat field.

Ralph's birthday was last Wednesday, and we made it a day of celebration, altho we worked hard as usual. Eleanor had been away for over a week up at Aunt Katie's, and got home the Tuesday night before. Arthur went up to Rock Island Sunday afternoon, spent the day Monday there, and got her Tuesday, selling on the way home.

She was glad to get back. Brot Ralph a new tie and a piece of sheet music for which he has been hankering. I gave him a Sears Roebuck wrist watch which he has long wanted, and which will help him in his work as shop superintendent. We bought a batch of peaches, and had a cobbler for dinner. Peach ice cream for supper, and Eleanor made him a frosted cake. Now it will be Willard's birthday a week from next Wednesday and we'll have to scratch our heads to give him a good one too, or he will never cease to lament it.

Willard has been working hard at picking wild blackberries for the last three weeks. There is a woods near us where there were lots of them, and I have kept him at it to give him the



benefit of the fresh air and sunshine, and the quietness of the woods. We have fifty quarts of plain canned ones, and several quarts of jam, made with orange slivers. He sold quite a few gallons at fifty cents a gallon, four or five dollars worth.

Alice went with him a few times, and she made her money too. She bought herself a 49 Cent swimming suit, of which she was so proud she wants to wear it around home, which will not quite do with so many men around. She has grown unbelievably the last few months, - has gained at least ten pounds since school was out.

Willard has been keeping the lawn mowed slick and neat with the new mower we got just before Erwin came. The white phlox by the house are a mass of bloom, the finest they have been for years. The two seeding peaches by the office window are each graced with a few peaches, and those on the one tree are getting ripe. Our row of trees along the back fence are all loaded. In fact the largest branch on one of the fullest trees broke off during the heavy rain last Monday night. Then we braced up the others. That tree is ripe now. I think it is Champion. The biggest limb on the Elberta tree died this spring soon after the peaches had set on, but we have one tree, a big one that is just loaded. The apples are so few and poor this year!

We have discovered a gold mine in my little tomato patch. They were so beautiful that I gave Grandma some, and sent Bertha about a peck. I canned seven quarts last week before Eleanor got home. Then she said tomatoes were still so high in Orion, and she wouldn't wonder if we couldn't sell some here. So we asked at the Kroger store, where we do a lot of trading, and they said bring them a peck early Saturday morning. At noon they hailed Arthur and asked for another peck right away. Eleanor scratched the bushes and just got the peck. Now they want another early Monday. I don't suppose there will be a whole peck, but wish there was. I filled up every vacant space with plants, but never thought of being able to sell the tomatoes.

They are so solid and smooth. I wanted to can a hundred quarts this year, but if we can sell them at 45 cents a peck we can better afford to do that than to can them after eight o'clock at night when I am worn out with the day's work at the office. We have an order for three dozen ears of Golden Bantam corn in the morning too. These orders are encouraging Willard in his gardening efforts.

We traded tomatoes to the next-door neighbors for beets. Our beets didn't do a bit good. I canned four quarts of quartered beets and four of salad out of what we got from them.

Two weeks ago today we had a picnic dinner down at Aunt Dell's home in the country. All the Thompsons who could were there. All the boys, even Grandpa had a great game of baseball after dinner. Uncle Charley didn't play, he has heart trouble but enjoyed the fun. After leaving there we went back in the woods and picked some berries. We gave Grandma a little bucket full and Eleanor took Bertha some next morning. Bertha was down for the picnic, and Eleanor went home with her.

Orders for tools keep us mighty busy. We are putting out a mailing to all the Ford dealers in Iowa and Minnesota where we now have a man working full time. It is an awful lot of work to get all the printing done. There are about 350 in each state. Arthur plans to meet Burk in Cleveland at the close of this month, at the same time of the national air races, and they expect to do a lot of business at that time. Burk has been working in the East since he left here last February, and our "Eastern Branch" at Philadelphia is getting pretty well established. They get orders

there right along now, addressed to: "Gladacres Inc., 2506 N. Broad St., Philadelphia."

The children are already talking about starting into school. Willard is proud that he has earned enough money to buy all his books, and he will need so many this year! Eleanor has had a number of dresses given to her by Frances and the various aunts, so she really doesn't need any new ones, but Alice will need some. Eleanor did a whopping-big washing after she got home last week, because I hadn't washed much the week before. I hope we can get an electric washing machine this fall, so we'll not have to wash on Saturdays all winter again. I may have to have a house-girl thru the fall months if business gets much more brisk, as I can seldom take time from the office work to get dinner.

Monday Morning: Went to camp meeting last night, out in Moench's woods, so didn't get this finished. Things are humming here today!

We are breaking in a new shipping clerk, the one we had two years ago, as Reuben leaves us to start college. The tenth of the month always means lots of bills to pay, so there is much book--keeping to do.

I'll try to write again before long, love to you all, Annie

P.S. I suppose you got the piece Arthur ordered from Sligo Iron for you. I forgot to say "Thank you" for the grand lot of fruit and honey. We feasted on fruit, and canned two quarts of the apples. Gave Grandma some. The last of the honey was used last week.

Grandma and Grandpa are away on a vacation for about a month out west. Aunt Bertha is driving, and her two children are along. They are camping along the way at night. They will go to Denver, Pike's Peak, and probably on to Los Angeles. It is surely a lovely time of year to be out that way!

Dear Em,

October 6, 1929

Thank you for your nice letter, which I was very glad to get

I have been wanting strongly enough to get down, but, it couldn't be managed.

Arthur was away for four solid weeks, and I had everything to do in the way of management. Then, he got back two weeks ago, and there was an awful lot to be seen to. I am still behind in the book keeping, which I had to neglect to some extent because it was impossible to do everything. Of course I made the entries each day of sales and expenditures but there is a lot of posting and balancing that must be done. Now it looks as if Arthur will start to Detroit again right away. I do hate to miss the trip home, but if the business goes thru in Detroit for which we are laying the lines then it will have been much worthwhile to have put off most anything.

I'm glad you are having some nice little parties and good times while Allie is there. It's pleasant for all of you. It's nice that you could celebrate your wedding anniversaries together. We didn't have any sort of celebration of either my birthday or the anniversary of our wedding. Sept. 15th. Arthur was away. He sent a little remembrance for the fifteenth. I had a most unusual sick headache that day, and most of the next.

I wanted to get down before the frost cuts down all the flowers. I know you must have some beauties now. We haven't anything but, petunias and balsams, and a couple of "Sultanas" which I am going to take up for the winter.

Yes, and we have had a bunch of Mama's "little blue flowers,"



Browallia, which have given me so much pleasure. Do you still have them? Also there are some white ones among mine, but I don't think they are as pretty as the blue ones. I know the leaves on the bluff are lovely, now.

We saw some bright ones two weeks ago already when we went out to May's farm where Frances and Boyd live now.

Our walnut tree is shedding its crop now. It never was so loaded before. Lots of the nuts drop in the drive way, and when we found how neatly they got hulled out when the cars pass over them, we helped them get out there. Each morning the girls pick up the shelled ones. We have at least half a bushel in the cellar already.

I'll bet that "you-all" are right in the midst of the chestnut harvest, now, and I feel sure that Allie is just revelling in that.

Goodbye for this time, and I will just keep hoping to see all of you soon.

Affectionately, Annie

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So far as I know to this is the last letter that my mother wrote to her sisters at Evergreen Heights.

She did get to come down here before her sister, Allice, left for her home in Olympia, Washington. We have pictures of the five sisters, taken here the Sunday before Mother was killed. They made the trip down and back in one day. Unusual for that time period. Ralph brought her. Dad was in Detroit, Michigan, talking to the Ford people about the Gladacres tools. \* E.A.T.

#### WOMAN FATALLY INJURED BY AUTO ON PAVED ROAD

Mrs. J. Arthur Thompson Stepped From Behind  
Mail Car Into Path Of An Auto.

Death, following a tragic and unavoidable accident, came suddenly to Mrs. Anna Thompson Friday evening while she was engaged in carrying out the interests of Gladacres Incorporated, a business in which her husband, J. Arthur Thompson was president, and in which she had always maintained an active interest as secretary of the company.

The accident occurred shortly after 4:00 P.M. when Mrs. Thompson crossed the road on State Route #3 in front of her home to hand some letters to Claude Hainline, driver of the Rushville-Macomb mail route.

Giving the letters to the driver, who did not stop, but only slowed down to receive them, she stepped out from behind the Hainline car to re-cross the road when she was hit by a car coming from the west driven by Mrs. True Dodge of Littleton Township.

On account of the mail car, Mrs. Dodge had no opportunity to see Mrs. Thompson on the road and did not know that she had hit her until the latter's body, hurled by the impact, hit the windshield; breaking the glass.

Mrs. Thompson sustained a fractured skull, and several deep gashes in her scalp in addition to other bruises. She was immediately taken to the Culbertson Hospital, but she never regained consciousness and passed away two hours after the accident. Mr. Thompson, who was in Detroit on business, was immediately notified and hurried home, arriving in Rushville Saturday evening.

On Saturday morning at 11 o'clock an inquest was held by Coroner H. O. Munson, with a jury composed of Edwin H. Johnson, O. D. Skiles, John Arnold, John Kinsey, B. L. Strong and Victor B.



Wood. On the evidence of Clyde Hainline, driver of the Macomb mail truck, who testified that Mrs. Dodge was driving at a speed not to exceed twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, a verdict was returned that the death of Mrs. Thompson resulted from injuries sustained when she was unavoidable struck by an automobile.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 from the Rushville Methodist Church, conducted by Reverend E. K. Towle, assisted by Reverend T. W. Rippey and Reverend W. A. Hendrickson.

Internment was in the Sugar Grove (South) Cemetery.

The following sketch was read at her funeral:

Anna Riehl Thompson

Anna Riehl was born at Evergreen Heights, near Alton, Ill. on Sept. 10, 1881. She graduated from the Alton High school in the spring of 1900, and entered the University of Illinois in the fall of that same year. Her interests in the University were varied and active. Membership in the Epworth League of Parks Chapel led to her conversion and membership in the church. Work in the Sunday School, League and Young Womens Christian Association culminated in her becoming a student volunteer for mission work any place in the world. She was one of a group of students that pledged to their financial limit in order to establish the beginning of Wesley Foundation.

Other interests included charter membership in the Illiola Literary Society, and Household Science club. She graduated in 1904. Original poems were frequently contributed to college publications, and were later published with others in book form. Other poems were published from time to time. "Suffer The Little Children to Come" was written for a children's day occasion in the Rushville Methodist Church, and stands as her farewell message to this community.

After graduation from the University, Anna taught in the Robinson high school. She entered the Chicago Training School for Missions in 1907, and took the two-year Bible course in one year; besides tutoring a foreign student in English.

Near the end of the year the opportunity to realize her longing

to become a missionary came in the shape of a specific call from an old college friend, J. Arthur Thompson, to complete college romance by coming out to Korea and helping establish a home. The marriage was solemnized at Songdo, Korea, September 15, 1908 by Bishop Ward at an annual meeting of the Korea Mission. The United States Consul General Sammons set a precedent by making a special trip from the Consulate in order to make it technically American soil on which the wedding was performed.

Besides establishing a Christian home called "Sunny Nook" in a heathen land, Anna found time to help her husband in planning churches, hospitals, girls schools, and homes. She also taught English to a class of boys in the Anglo-Korean school, and organized a class of mothers in the native church.

Three children came to bless the home while in Korea: - Ralph, Willard, and Eleanor. The life of the growing children and the universal bonds of motherhood made "Sunny Nook" a mecca for Korean mothers groping for the light of a brighter day.

This was beautifully and pathetically brought out at the farewell meeting of the mothers at "Sunny Nook" when the dear old sisters gave her their last goodbye blessing. "If we do not see you again in this world, we will meet you in Heaven."

I doubt not they are fellow-shipping there today.

After six years of soul - consuming work as a missionary, teacher, home-maker and mother, Anna started home with her husband and three children - Eleanor a babe in arms - in Feb. 1914. The trip was made by way of the Suez Canal, stops being made in China, The Philippines, India, - Ceylon, Egypt and a week in Jerusalem. A short visit with a missionary friend in Rome, Italy and an aunt in Germany closed a three months trip to the homeland and "Home Sweet Home" in May, 1914.

The great war (World War One) broke out two months later and changing political, economic, and social conditions made it

advisable to stay in the homeland and educate the family. Two more children, Erwin and Alice were born in Illinois. They share with Ralph, Willard, Eleanor, and the father, the sorrow of a motherless home. This is tempered with the hope and expectation of an endless reunion "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

In 1917 a home was established just north of Rushville on the Macomb road. Anna called it "Gladacres" Here she has done her full share and more in building a home and a business.

As a business woman she has been Secretary-treasurer of Gladacres, Incorporated, and has given unstintingly of her strength and business ability to insure its success. She has trained quite a few Rushville high school students in practical office work, and prepared them to occupy positions of responsibility in the business world. She has sown unsparingly. It is to be regretted that she did not live to share the joy of the reaping.

Anna has served her community in many ways, and well. As president of the Womens Foreign Missionary Society for two years she brought the enthusiasm of a personal contact and experience with the actual mission work to the women at the home base. It was a sorrow to her that she could not devote more time to this work, but other duties forbade. As a member of the official board and later of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist church she has been a clear thinker, consistent worker, and regular attendant. As a Sunday School teacher she often robbed herself of needed sleep in order to prepare the lesson for an appreciative womens class.

Anna Riehl Thompson was a business woman, author, teacher, Missionary and mother. She served well her community and her Lord. She was a loving wife and mother, a wise counsellor and a true friend.

Called home suddenly by her sudden and untimely death, these lines of inadequate appreciation are written enroute, as an humble record of her sterling worth by one who knew her best \* her husband.

J. Arthur Thompson

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Memories of My Mother's Funeral, and Aftermath

Erwin A Thompson

I remember going to my mother's funeral. I was not quite fourteen years old. Going to Rushville by car was a big project! The roads were probably all paved by that time, but just barely. We owned a 1926 Model "T" Ford. Jim and Nettie Bowman had worked for my grandfather for about twenty years. They lived in the Lane House at that time. They owned a 1927 Model "T" Ford.

We made the trip up without mishap. I recall that Mary Bowman, who was my age and my playmate for our childhood years, and her cousin, Mildred Moore went with the Bowman family.

We visited the scene of the accident, which was in front of the Thompson home. I still recall the huge blood stain on the highway. Mildred said: "Death's blood will not wash off!"

I do not recall much of the funeral proceedings. My sister, Eleanor, has written them up in her article on Grandma Thompson. She says that there were no funeral homes at that time and that my mother lay "in state" at my grandparents' home. I do recall that this was before the modern trend of concrete vaults. My father had her laid away in a copper casket, that being the most durable thing available at that time.



I do not recall the dinner arrangements, but knowing the family I am sure that they took care of us generously.

The internment was at the Jonte Cemetery, on one of the Thompson farms, where all of the family was buried.

It was late, but the decision was made to try to "make it home."

By some miracle the two drivers kept track of each other, even after dark. They stopped along the street in Jacksonville and conferred. The decision was made to stop at a restaurant and eat supper. This was the first time I had ever eaten in a restaurant.

The true tragedy of my mother's death did not catch up with me until years later.

Both Eleanor and Ralph were thrust into adult roles and responsibilities years before they should have been.

My mother had been a real force in the Gladacres business. Her death occurred the same day that the stock market broke. The two things together spelled the death of Gladacres. I don't believe that any of us children truly appreciated the loss that our father sustained by her death. He kept trying, working against the terrific odds against him. The bank led him to believe that they would re-finance the mortgage if certain improvements were made on the house. He made them, using all of the money he could scrape together and untold hours of personal labor. Then the bank foreclosed the mortgage.

I, of course, was the least affected, as my life was not so closely intertwined with the Rushville folks. All of the other four siblings suffered, each in a different way. They "hung together" and tried. I still recall vividly the shortage of such bare necessities as food and heat. It is heart breaking, just looking back, remembering. The experience has helped me form the aim of trying to help people who cannot help themselves.

But the world has changed since that time. People will not, in most cases, do the things that they need to do to help themselves. I somehow feel that if I help deserving, needy people I am easing some of the pain of those tortured years. Even looking back with the advantage of hind-sight, I see no better solution.

Suffer The Little Children To Come Unto Me  
By Anna Riehl Thompson

"Suffer the little children to come unto me,"  
He said.  
He, who was once a child himself  
With a manger for His bed.  
Taking the children to Him,  
He blessed them, and called them great.  
Yea, the greatest in the Kingdom,  
Oh childhood's bles't estate!

Children we still have with us,  
He loves them now, as then;  
Longing to draw and touch them.  
He needs must work thru men.  
He speaks to parents and teachers:  
"Oh point their hearts to Me.  
Or else you have failed your mission,  
And most ingloriously!

Shall they be drawn to Jesus,  
And follow the path of right?  
Learning the ways of duty,  
Choosing the good and right?  
Or shall they be left for Satan  
To charm with his evil ways?  
Idleness working mischief,  
Which mars, and scars, and slays?

Children that he has given  
Into our homes to rear,  
Oh how we love and cherish,  
Counting no price too dear!  
To pay for their joy and comfort,  
And yet we betray our trust  
Unless we teach them to love Him,  
The Spirit that stirs our dust!

Fathers and mothers, truly,  
You've a mighty work to do.  
Training those little lives to live  
The endless ages thru!  
Not only to weather the present world,  
With its sorrow, sin, and strife,  
But to live and work, now and evermore,  
In the power of an endless life!

Then lift up your eyes, oh parents!  
To the Lord who reigns above,  
And bow down your hearts before him,  
In humility and love!  
For He, who was once a child, Himself,  
And bowed to His father's will,  
Is the children's Elder Brother,  
And He yearns to bless them, still!

===== Anna Riehl Thompson =====

So far as I know this is my mother's last poem, My father included it in her obituary as "Her goodbye message".

Thompson, J. Arthur, a native of Woodstock Township, Schuyler County, Ill. and one of the brightest and most worthy of the young men who have been reared in that locality, was born January 18, 1883, the son of William J. and Margaret J. (Arthur) Thompson, a narrative of whose career, with details of the family history, appears elsewhere in this connection. The subject of this sketch attended the district schools in the vicinity of his home, and then taking the regular examination, received a scholarship in the Illinois State University, in which he was a student for five years; the degree of B.S. being conferred upon him at the end of that period. In August, 1907, he was recommended by the Board of Trustees of that institution for a position as teacher of agriculture in Korea. He passed the final examination at Nashville, Tenn., with honor, and on the 27th of the above mentioned month started from Vancouver, B.S. stopping briefly in Japan. After touching at several foreign ports, during the voyage thither, he reached his destination on September 12 next following. Since assuming charge of his work in Korea, he has met with remarkable success. His school is a one-story, thatched structure, covered with straw, a glimpse of which would be an interesting revelation to many of his former "chums", accustomed as they are to the superior facilities afforded by school edifices in Illinois.

While at home, Mr. Thompson was a member of the Grange, and when a student was President of the Agricultural Club of the Illinois State University as well as of the Y.M.C.A.

On September 15, 1908, Mr. Thompson will be married to Miss Anna

Riehl, of Alton, Illinois, who sails on August 15, to meet him at Songdo, where he is carrying on his labors with such gratifying results. His religious connection was with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which he acted in the capacity of class leader, and officiated as Sunday School Superintendent. On political issues, he was a supporter of the Democratic party.

This was taken from the History of Schuyler-County Illinois 1908, edited by Howard F. Dyson - p. 946.

James Arthur Thompson as told to his son, Erwin at the age of 80.

He was born January 18, 1883 on a farm west of the Sugar Grove church, the oldest of 11 children. After completing grade school he received an agricultural scholarship to attend the University of Illinois. There were no high schools available at that time in many parts of the state, and the U. of I. offered courses to prepare students for the University. J, Arthur completed the four year high school course and the four year college requirements in a total of five years.

He recalls that he had the largest Bible class at the University, and the biggest baseball team,

One of the most exciting things that happened to him there, and probably the most unexpected: was that he was elected President of

the Agriculture Club. The dubious honor was conferred one evening at a meeting that he did not attend.

When his friends told him the next day, he thought they were joking. He checked with the dean, who confirmed the information as fact, and told him he would have to serve, He was completely inexperienced as to the proper procedure for such an assignment, and went to a banquet of the literary society at the hotel to find out how to proceed. He received lots of condolences, but no



suggestions.

This was near the end of the college year, and nearly everyone was either out of money or dangerously near that point.

He conceived the idea of a "Peanut Banquet" at a cost of ten cents per person. This was the first peanut banquet held at the University, and is still an annual celebration.

TO MY FATHER, J. ARTHUR THOMPSON

Erwin A. Thompson, Feb. 1978

An old man sitting in the sun,  
Remembering.  
The faces of the past  
Far more important in his mind  
Than those he sees today.

The sturdy stock of pioneers  
His heritage  
"Old W. J.", his father, helped to make  
The history of Schuyler County.  
His mother was a cousin to President Arthur.

A country boy, he won  
A scholarship to U. of I.  
Almost unheard of, then,  
To go so far away to school!

President of "The Ag Club"  
(A dubious honor, quick bestowed at a meeting when he wasn't there)  
He led with courage, vision, and the thought  
Of peoples needs.  
The "Peanut Banquet" then was born. It still survives.  
Tradition, long remembered, carries on!

He felt the need to serve a wider field.  
Korea.  
Different customs, language, and religion  
Were the barriers that he met, and overcame.

Back home again, he did his share, and more  
For Country, State, and Town.  
He always took the larger view.  
Not just today, but twenty years -- a hundred.

Many years ago he told the things we know today:  
"The water table's falling", "Depletion",  
Bankruptcy of our natural resources.

He saw it clearly, then,  
The inevitable result  
Of man's selfishness, carelessness with things  
God given, through a billion years!

Not one to be content to let the World roll by,  
Accepting things because they'd "always been."  
He questioned, challenged, fought  
for what he believed was right.  
No flattery, bribe, or vicious threat  
Could change his course, once it was set!

The depression. -- His dreams were crushed, but still

He kept his head up high.

Courage, and the will to try again.

These are the things that I remember --Through the years.

He left no worldly wealth,

No monument is in the City square.

But those who knew him all agree the World's a better place

'CAUSE HE WAS THERE!

At his funeral, Slim Tomlinson gave him as fine a tribute as anyone could hope for. He said: "A lot of things were done RIGHT in Schuyler County because your father SAW THAT THEY WERE DONE RIGHT!"